

The Listener

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H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent: a portrait taken by Cecil Beaton before she set out on her tour of Australia

The Russian Attitude to Money

By Andrew Shonfield

Madame de Staël and Germany

By Max Beloff

Marc Chagall in Paris

By Andrew Forge

On Not Answering the Telephone

By William Plomer



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The Russian Attitude to Money

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

THERE is a scene in Dostoevsky's novel, *The Idiot*, which I kept remembering while I was in Russia. It is an intensely dramatic scene where the heroine, Nastasia Philipova, a woman who fascinates and dominates the main characters in the book, throws a packet containing 100,000 roubles on the fire.

Every motion in this drama is charged and overcharged with a crude kind of symbolism. Rogojin, the merchant, who has brought her the money in order to buy her, is beside himself with the sheer pleasure of the gesture. 'What a queen she is!' he keeps saying ecstatically. Meanwhile she contemptuously invites a respectable young man, Gania, who was to have married her for money, to snatch the roubles off the fire. The dénouement comes when he turns away, in spite of his need for cash, and refuses to touch the burning roubles in the fireplace. One of the other guests present in the heroine's drawing-room cannot restrain himself and crawls forward on the floor to snatch the bundle off the fire, but he is dragged away. Gania turns round and makes for the door, but on the way he falls down in a dead faint. Before that, however, Dostoevsky, almost as ecstatic it seems as the onlookers, describes his state of mind—'it appeared', he writes, 'that something new had come to birth in his soul'.

This scene has always remained with me as an extraordinarily vivid expression of a certain mixture of emotions—fascination, hatred, and rejection—excited by money; and that is why I kept remembering it while I was in Russia. The strange, exalted sentiment associated with the rejection of money seems still to be as common as ever. It is both attractive and absurd, like the behaviour of the Dostoevsky characters round the burning 100,000 roubles. It is attractive because of a certain nobility with which Russians, at any rate urban Russians—peasants may well be differ-

ent—behave towards one another in money matters. Generosity in lending money, and confidence in borrowing it, seem to be taken for granted. Even well-off people pawn their things freely when they need some ready cash. There seems to be no cult of saving; people tend to spend what they have in the grand manner. One sees much conspicuous consumption of food and drink in Moscow restaurants, done with an almost conscious air of not counting the cost. Counting money and scanning bills in the bourgeois European manner is plainly not 'done'.

The absurd side of all this is that money does after all stand for something important: it is the locked-up value of a certain quantity of goods and services which one can exchange conveniently against other goods and services. As the Soviet economic system develops and the range of things available increases, such exchange transactions naturally become more important. Consider the matter of saving. The decision not to spend all one's money now, to hold back some, to count it and set part aside against more urgent though unspecified needs in the future—all this is not just anxiety neurosis and bourgeois niggardliness. It is part of the process of rational choice: accumulating today's goods against tomorrow's leisure, reflecting on an order of priorities in one's personal needs, and refusing to accept the principle of impulse, combined with indifference to waste, as the automatic guide to conduct.

The Russian economists understand all this well. The current drive to keep down production costs leads to an increasing emphasis on money values, instead of the exclusive concern with physical production targets. This means that somebody has got to be niggardly: and quite right too. Not being niggardly as a factory manager, for example, means that you use more material than is strictly necessary for the job; and to make those wasted

materials some Soviet citizen has to work when he might be having leisure. In the course of a long discussion with Russian economists in Moscow earlier this year we all agreed that money was bound to play an increasing role in the Soviet economic system during coming years: it was the concomitant of more wealth, more leisure and a richer choice of goods for consumers. 'Nevertheless you must understand that under pure communism', said one of them suddenly, 'money will be abolished'. They all at once nodded their heads in agreement. Astonished, I said that surely the richer people were, the more complex their choices between one thing and another or between having goods and having leisure, the more useful money became as an instrument of rational behaviour. In a primitive and poor society, it is possible to deal with the small range of goods available for exchange on a barter basis. But as soon as there is civilization, money becomes an essential device for exercising personal choice.

The idea behind the utopian view about money under communism, which was suddenly thrown at me by these Soviet economists, went back to the notion that in this ideal society there would be so much of everything that people would just take what they needed out of the common pool; and nobody would need to bother about wages or the exchange of one thing against another. However, it came as a shock to me to discover that this simple, almost biblical, view of a land flowing with milk and honey had not even been questioned by these otherwise sophisticated economists. If they had given the matter a moment's thought, they would have realized that in a civilized society what people want are services from one another—there is no accumulated pool of this kind of wealth—and unless everyone always enjoys giving his particular service more than he enjoys anything else, including his leisure, there has to be some system for exchanging such favours. If people are not to be driven back to the most primitive and awkward form of barter in the midst of all this wealth, there will have to be a market—and therefore money with which to buy what they want in this market.

'Aristocratic' Behaviour of Proletarians

I mention all this only as an illustration of how the instinctive hostility to money which is part of Soviet ideology distorts the thinking even of the professionals. Although the argument about what will or will not happen under pure communism is not of practical importance at the moment, the attitude of mind displayed in the approach to this question does have an important influence in contemporary Russian society. Its origin lies in the conventional sentiments of a pre-capitalist society. In Russia, during this pre-capitalist period, extravagance and recklessness were the accepted rules of conduct for the nobility, and of the rich classes who aped their manners; and this convention was carried straight over into the new proletarian society which the Bolsheviks set out to create. There was no bourgeois period intervening between the two, in which the cult of thrift, of cautious calculation, pettifogging attention to commercial advantage, and many other unattractive manifestations of the spirit could establish themselves. Proletarians, when still in their pristine state of innocence and total poverty, are notoriously given to certain types of reckless 'aristocratic' behaviour. Above all, when they have money they spend it freely on the pleasures of the moment, and are very generous with their friends. The whole idea of saving money at this stage is regarded as eccentric. Not so, however, with the peasants. In Russian literature they are painted as hoarders to a man, crafty, calculating, all concentrated on one aim—the accumulation of more property.

But the peasant's way of life has exercised no effective influence in establishing the national pattern of conventional standards of behaviour. The point is brought out vividly by comparing the national standards of a country like France, where the peasants have exercised a profound influence in shaping the accepted pattern of life, with those of Russia. The poor intelligentsia and the small urban proletariat who between them made the Bolshevik revolution were, it would appear, thoroughly imbued with the anti-money cult. Moreover, they regarded it as their special mission to persecute the old-style peasant, to force him to change his way of life and thought. The special object of their ideological fury was the peasant who was successful at the traditional game

of accumulating property—the *kulak*. To destroy him and the whole way of life that he represented, the Bolsheviks deliberately embarked on a war of extermination in the early nineteen-thirties, during Stalin's drive for collectivization, and reduced large tracts of the country to a state of famine.

Widespread Theft

All this has left its mark on people's attitudes. After such an experience people might well come to think that accumulation was not really a good idea. In Russia, as we have seen, many people had started out with this conviction. However, one of the troubles caused by the anti-money attitude I have been describing is that it leads to widespread theft. The distinction between one's own property and what belongs to another ceases to have much importance. In case of need, people will borrow generously, with permission or without, because they feel that if they had the power they would be ready to lend generously themselves. Moreover, people seem to find it much easier to steal when property is not taken from some identifiable person with needs and feelings like those of the thief, but from the state, which is known to be powerful, feelingless, and to have a great deal more property in reserve.

Hence the extraordinarily rigid system of book-keeping and surveillance to which the ordinary Soviet enterprise is subjected. The manager is automatically treated as an object of intense distrust. The book-keeper and his staff, who are put in to watch him, are powerful persons. People talk of the book-keeper (who is known by the German word *Buchhalter*) with a mixture of fear and contempt. He is a familiar Russian figure. He is still pictured as a stiff, dull person, incapable of large ideas, eaten up by his exclusive devotion to pettifogging rules which go back to time immemorial and which nobody really understands. Yet, in the midst of all this, it will usually be conceded by the modern Russian that if the *Buchhalter* relaxed or looked the other way, the whole system would at once be threatened with collapse under a wave of dishonesty and theft. The *Buchhalter* is in fact treated as the repository of the bourgeois conscience—stupid but necessary, powerful but not respected or even highly paid: his function is not to be wise but to be honest and niggling to excess. By hiving off these functions completely and putting an excessively strict policeman in charge, the rest of the society is enabled to relax and avoid being infected by the bourgeois spirit.

Yet there must be frequent occasions when the Soviet authorities nowadays pine for a little more of the bourgeois spirit among the populace. There is, first of all, its attempt to persuade people to save more. A big advertising campaign to encourage national saving is going on at the moment. But as one Russian friend shrewdly pointed out, in a country where the state provides free medical service, education, house-room at very low rents, and finally guarantees a high degree of job security, what incentive is there to save? Once again it is the paternal code of the pre-capitalist society which has been carried over, in another form, into the post-capitalist society. It might be thought that the ordinary person would think it worth while to save up to buy refrigerators, washing machines, and the other attractive consumer durable goods which are now on display in Russian shops.

Spending on the Frills

But the trouble is that although the living accommodation provided by the state is cheap, it is also meagre. Most families living in cramped circumstances with one or two rooms in which to do everything, are loath to give up much space to an extra piece of furniture or household equipment. Again, the result is that the money people have is somehow down-graded. They feel that they can really only spend it on the frills of life—holidays and big meals in restaurants—since the acquisition of the really attractive things, such as a house in the country or a motor-car, depends on a person's status rather than on his cash holding. Money by itself, without proof that there is the right kind of highly paid job to go with the possession of so much money, may easily land a man in trouble. Or at any rate he thinks that it may; and that is what establishes the popular convention. It is status rather than cash that counts.

That might well be regarded as the ideal arrangement by the bosses of a hierarchical society, in which the Government has absolute power to determine a man's status. The trouble is, however, that the developing needs of Soviet society tend towards an increasing emphasis on money. I have already referred to the drive to reduce costs. The Soviet Government is intensely concerned with this. Mr. Khrushchev goes around the country driving the point home, in characteristic hammer-blow style, in speech after speech. His remedy, when managers or other officials appear to be too little concerned with costs, is to take the goods or services concerned out of the state system of allocation and rationing, and try to substitute a commercial transaction involving money. His argument is simply that if people make voluntary decisions about buying something, instead of having it allocated to them by a public authority, they will constantly exercise pressure on the seller to cheapen his price by getting his costs down. It seems a curious discovery to make in the middle of the twentieth century. Mr. Khrushchev is prepared to go to extreme lengths in this matter: the other day he announced that he was even proposing to put the state agricultural service to farms on a self-supporting basis. In capitalist countries like Britain and America such activities are naturally regarded as part of the public service, and no one expects them to pay their way.

It is easy to see why at this present stage in the development of Soviet society costs have suddenly become so important. For the first time since the revolution, the Government foresees a shortage of manpower. The great wave of immigration from the countryside into the towns has begun to slacken off. The first phase of industrialization, which depended chiefly on the use of surplus peasant labour, has now come to an end. Nor does the Government any longer depend on plentiful and cheap slave

labour for some of its toughest tasks, as it did under Stalin. Add to this the simultaneous drive for higher living standards for the ordinary consumer and for the reduction in the length of the working week, and the motives behind Mr. Khrushchev's constant search for new devices which will cut out waste and force managers to take a closer interest in their costs are evident.

But the first requirement, it seems to me, is that the Russians will have to learn to adopt a more respectful and, I fear, a more niggardly attitude towards money in their ordinary daily life. They will have to take cash more seriously—not just as a poor man takes it seriously when he is desperately short of food, but as part of their normal attitude, recognizing money as important because it is the instrument for acquiring an unlimited range of desirable things. In Russia the things that money alone will buy today are strictly limited. That is a matter of great satisfaction to many people. It is proof that the familiar corruptions of capitalism have not taken hold.

One young Russian intellectual told me with undisguised pleasure how people who went out of their way to acquire a great deal of money by various entrepreneurial tricks—inevitably of a semi-legal character—were frustrated in the end because they were afraid to use their ill-gotten gains in a sensible fashion. They did not dare to buy a motor-car and risk a state investigation as soon as it was registered, and they were not allowed to have more than one fairly modest house. So they were driven to desperate lengths in order to get something out of their money. At Sochy, the Black Sea resort, he said, you may see a man who has spent an enormous sum on a meal demand the best cigar in the house together with a candle and then, taking a 100-rouble note out of his wallet, use this to light the cigar. Dostoevsky's characters, it seems, still live on.—*Third Programme*

Triangle of Destiny—III: India

By TIBOR MENDE

THE Bhakra Dam is one of the principal monuments of India's effort to lift herself into the twentieth century. It is a spectacular sight. In the foothills of the Himalayas, across the narrow gorge where the fast Sutlej river breaks

through to the plains, garlands of powerful electric lights have been suspended between hill-tops as on a giant Christmas tree. Below them thousands of men worked on the dam which was already more than 500 yards wide and nearly as tall as the Eiffel Tower. Tremendous cranes ran to and fro along its top; conveyer belts brought sand and stones from the surrounding mountains; and pneumatic cutters bit into the hillside where mixers were turning out masses of concrete.

From the top of the barrage we looked down on this mechanized ant-hill. Beyond it the moon was reflected in the artificial lake which was beginning to form. Then, among the clattering machines down below, I asked one of

the workers what he thought he was helping to build. He shrugged his shoulders. His ideas were vague about what good the barrage could do. Two others were just as vague. I questioned yet another worker more closely. That parched fields will get

water, or that electricity will provide new opportunities of all kinds, left him singularly indifferent. He could not read so he knew nothing of these things, he said: and of India's two five-year plans he had heard next to nothing.

Rather uncomfortably the information officer who was with me volunteered the explanation that most of the workers came from far away, and that some were pre-occupied with their debts and with complications of caste and other differences which tended to divide them into rival clans. Then, with that refreshing frankness which is a compliment to India's freedom of speech, he soon abandoned his official efforts to convince me. He admitted the workers' re-



A morning meal being prepared by Indian villagers near Delhi

J. Allan Cash

actions to my questions were by no means exceptional. More than 15,000 workers were employed at Bhakra and apparently no one had bothered to explain to them the importance of what they were doing. They worked for a wage but they did not seem to belong to the job. Nobody had thought of taking advantage of the situation by teaching them to read or write. Altogether, so it seemed, nobody had thought to instil into these workers any pride in the contribution their labour would make to their country's future, or that possession of such pride might make them work better.

Repeated travels across India have long ago taught me that it is the country which least lends itself to generalizations. Yet in spite of all the dams, bridges, and industrial plants being built in India nowadays I have found that, with rare exceptions, the people feel no pride in these things. The masses have not yet been shaken out of their apathy. Whatever has been achieved since 1947 has failed to create that dynamism or that sense of sharing in a common adventure which—in a country with India's problems—seem to be the precondition for any real progress.

What are the reasons for this failure? Not long ago I was shown round India's two atom reactors, as modern as any in the world. The technicians working on them were eager and competent young Indians with an obvious pride in what they were doing. But only a mile away I came across a group of untouchables idling in front of their miserable huts. When I approached them, camera in hand, one of them prostrated himself in front of my Indian companion. Mistaking him for a municipal official, so it seems, he implored him not to have the group evicted from its unenviable quarters.

Then there is the anti-malaria campaign in Uttar Pradesh. There I was shown large areas where malaria, India's main killer, had been almost banished. But only a few hours later we passed through a small town with a surprising number of beggars. I was told that a few weeks before, the surrounding district had officially been declared to be in a state of famine. Entire villages migrated; mothers could not feed their babies. In the towns there was a sudden increase in the number of beggars and one soon recognized the newcomers: they were still shy and they did not have the practiced whine of the professionals; they moved slowly, subconsciously saving their scanty energy; and they held out their hands for alms almost as a reflex. Some of them were certainly those who had been saved from malaria.

I recall another impression. I visited one of the three steel-plants now being built in north-east India. Tens of thousands of workers carrying bricks and sand on their heads made one think of the building of the pyramids. Under bamboo scaffoldings the contours of an ultra-modern plant were beginning to emerge. Its steel ribs dominated a plain which had not seen change for decades. Then, on my way back to the nearest railway station, I drove through dozens of dusty and sleepy villages. In one of them I asked about land reform. A gentle old teacher smiled: 'Even those who have become proprietors are again in debt to the money-lender', he said.



Women workers at the steel plant under construction at Durgapur near Calcutta

J. Allan Cash

'But what about the steel-plant and the new opportunities it will provide?' I insisted.

But he gestured with resignation: 'When it is finished it will employ less than ten thousand men', he said. 'Our population grows by millions. Already half of our village has nothing to do'.

One feature was common to all three of these impressions. Three different problems were being tackled; but in each case another, still bigger one remained unsolved. Yet in most situations of this kind the bigger problem needs to be solved before full benefit can be derived from solution of the smaller problem. In fact, the more I think about my impressions of present-day India, the more I feel that it is the *basic* problems which remain not only unsolved but also, to a large extent, untackled. I am convinced that it is this failure to deal with those *basic* problems that makes so many Indians feel that the undeniable progress made in the last twelve years has done little to change their own conditions of life.

Certainly India can claim impressive achievements. In

spite of all the pessimistic forecasts in 1947, the country 'worked'. The first five-year plan ended on a note of success. Even if agriculture moved only slowly forward behind industrial progress there was a modest growth of individual incomes. Dams and modern engineering plants were built without purges, brain-washing, or xenophobic passions. The democratic mechanism was transplanted into a hostile sociological milieu and India's parliaments have been functioning as faithful replicas of Western assemblies. Mr. Nehru's personal prestige, combined with the circumstances of the Cold War, made it possible for India to play an international role disproportionate to her real strength.

Gradually, it became accepted in the West that India was its last remaining card in Asia. Her experiment in planning through persuasion came to be considered as an alternative—for all the underdeveloped countries—to China's planning by force. To disarm those who pointed out that India's rate of advance was dangerously outpaced by that of China there was the convenient answer that for Indians the body was less important than the soul. So there emerged the picture of what may be called 'official India'—a somewhat flattering, official picture which eclipsed that of the other, the real India, with its basic problems still unsolved. Those basic problems are all related to one or other of three big issues. The constructive utilization of India's over-abundant manpower is one of them. How industries best adapted to India's needs can be created cheaply and quickly is another. The third basic issue concerns land and food. And the three are interdependent.

I was in Madras when it was revealed that the Madras Government was still employing 714 'punkah-pullers'. The Member of the State Parliament, who drew this information from the Minister, promptly and angrily asked why the system of punkah-pulling was tolerated when it was evidently a 'relic of imperialism'. Its humorous aspect apart, I found this parliamentary episode sadly symbolic. That the muscular power of 714 Indians was wasted on such sterile activity when so many urgent things remained to be done was not a point mentioned in the discussion.

Yet, according to serious estimates, more than one third of India's immense agricultural population is either under-employed or has no work at all. Two five-year plans have not made the least difference, so far, to this mass-unemployment in the countryside. On the contrary, thanks to the taming of murderous diseases, instead of 5,000,000, India's population is now believed to be growing by over 7,000,000 each year. India just cannot save enough by herself to provide a livelihood for all those tens of millions of unemployed. Nor can foreign aid supply the needed equipment in large enough quantities. On the other hand, taken as a whole, the idle hours of the partially or totally unemployed represent an immense untapped capital. Suitably invested in constructive projects, it could bring bigger changes to the sub-continent than all the machines India may hope to build or buy. China's example shows that this can be done. That example, followed in a less rigorous way, would not necessarily destroy the essentials of democracy.

In carrying out her industrialization plans India has essentially relied on the creation of large industrial units. But these large units alone are not, perhaps, best suited to India's needs. For one thing each of them, employing relatively few workers, does not directly affect the unemployment problem. For another, these large units absorb large amounts of capital and precious foreign exchange on which they are slow to return a dividend in the shape of finished products. In any case, these large plants cannot be bought and built fast enough to keep up with the rapid modernization programme that India needs.

The pace of India's progress is bound to remain disappointingly slow if she has to wait until all the latest types of tools and utensils can be supplied by her own modern factories. Small-scale, decentralized industries—relying more on hands than on machines—might be better suited to satisfy the demand for simple goods. They would give work to more men and they would leave the big plants free to support the momentum of industrialization in its widest concepts.

But it is the failure to tackle the problem of agriculture that is the most immediate threat to India's further progress. Decades of malnutrition, exploitation, and indebtedness, coupled with continuing impoverishment of a soil hungry for water and chemicals, make the output of the Indian cultivator pitifully low even compared with that of his Asian neighbours. It takes eleven times as much labour to produce a ton of wheat in India as it does in Great Britain. But in 1956 a World Bank mission estimated that India's agricultural output could increase three- to five-fold. To achieve that increase the Indian peasant would have to collect more natural fertilizers and he would have to dig many more irrigation canals. He would have to be taught improved methods of cultivation and to be provided with cheap credit facilities to free him of the usurer's iron grip. He ought to work much harder to improve his land and, above all, he ought to feel that a really honest land reform would allow him to reap benefits proportionate with his efforts.

To achieve all this a series of bold and overdue reforms would have been needed. Without those reforms, and despite some isolated successes, the much-publicized village community schemes were condemned to fail. The extent of that tragic failure has been reflected by the recent report of the agricultural experts of the Ford Foundation. They warn that, given the rapid increase in population, between now and 1965 India's output of food grains ought to rise by over 8 per cent. each year to meet only

essential needs. If food production continues to rise only at its present rate of about 3 per cent. a year the gap between supply and subsistence demand will be about 25 per cent. within six years. 'No conceivable programme of imports or rationing can meet a crisis of this magnitude' is the report's alarming conclusion.

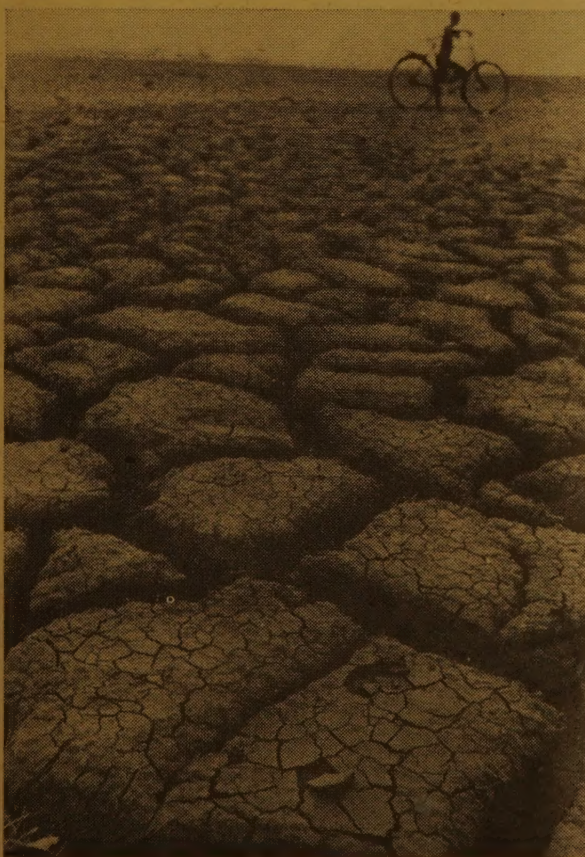
An Indian opposition politician put it to me this way: 'Our parliaments are crowded with land-owners and money-lenders, or by those representing their interests. How can they be expected to vote the abolition of their own privileges?' His generalization may be unjust. But it is symptomatic of the disillusionment with their parliamentary regime felt by a fast growing number of informed Indians. Their frustrated apathy is their verdict on a system which, as they see it, has failed to tackle their country's basic problems and, despite seven years of planned modernization, seems to lead India towards large-scale famine.

Parliamentary democracy survived in south-east Asia as long as a dominant party could continue to fill the role of the unchallengeable imperial authority. Its prestige was usually derived from the part it had played in the movement for national liberation. Its leaders were often national heroes. Yet once an opposition had grown sufficiently strong to challenge the ruling party's monopoly of power the days of parliamentary democracy were numbered. A jolt, like the collapse of raw material prices—and the dictators stepped in. This is what has happened during the past two years in one after the other of the south-east Asian countries. Pakistan and Burma—India's two neighbours—were no exception. India is the last country in the region with a parliamentary system that still works. But the Congress Party's monopoly of power is now increasingly challenged. The principal architect of Indian democracy is aging and the problem of his successor dominates the political scene. In this situation, even in India, the trend towards authoritarian government might be hastened by an unexpected shock. A large-scale famine would certainly be one. Should such a shock occur simultaneously with Mr. Nehru's disappearance from public life the survival of parliamentary government in India might well be at stake.

For the time being no military man enjoys enough popularity to attempt to establish himself as a dictator. In fact none is known to have any political ambitions. So it is likely that the Congress Party would remain in power, for some time at least. But deprived of Mr. Nehru's leadership and increasingly challenged from the left, its policies would probably grow more conservative. How many of the essentials of democracy such a regime could retain might ultimately depend on the amount and the kind of foreign aid it could secure. Under such a government 'free enterprise' would probably regain much of the ground it has lost to Mr. Nehru's 'socialistic pattern of society'. To this extent the regime would rest on established interests and it would, therefore, be unlikely to carry out overdue reforms. India might be increasingly in need of Western financial assistance and would, as a consequence, draw nearer to the West at the expense of her past neutrality. Clearly such developments would broaden opportunities for the communists.

All this is no more than mere guesswork. The only thing that can be said with some certainty is that a number of measurable factors—chiefly the continuing increase in population—will soon confront India with grave decisions. The omissions of the past twelve years make it unlikely that parliamentary democracy in its present form could survive the results of those decisions.

—Third Programme



'The continuing impoverishment of a soil hungry for water': parched earth in India

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1959

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Poet of Nature

A WEEK ago an audience gathered in the Assembly Rooms at Lincoln to hear some of the best-known poems of Alfred Tennyson. The recital was part of a festival to mark the 150th anniversary of the poet's birth in the Lincolnshire village of Somersby. A wider audience was reached the next morning when recordings of 'Maud' and 'The Lady of Shalott' were played in the Home Service programme 'Today'. To many listening, these poems (beautifully read by Mr. Marius Goring and Miss Jill Balcon) must have had a curiously nostalgic ring about them. However out of literary fashion Tennyson has been early in this century, his verses have remained a staple diet for generations of children at school. Many lines of 'The Lady of Shalott', 'The Brook', or the songs from 'The Princess' are still carried out of the class-room to enrich the grown-up lives of people who scarcely count themselves as knowing any poetry at all. Indeed, the simplicity of thought in much of Tennyson's verse and his excellence as a technician have never lost their appeal for young people in Britain. Lewis Carroll's two stories of Alice may have become the principal pieces of literary Victoriana to bring enjoyment to the young. But copies of Alice on the bookshelf are today often joined there by a volume containing some at least of Tennyson's poems.

When Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809, the European nations were convulsed in the struggle with Napoleon, and Sir John Moore had just conducted a British retreat to Corunna. When he died as Lord Tennyson and Poet Laureate in 1892, the European nations were rivals in Africa, and Gladstone had become Prime Minister for the fourth time. As Mr. Michael Millgate says in a broadcast that we now print, Tennyson 'lived on almost to span the century'. So long a life has had one unfortunate result. It has caused Tennyson to be closely identified with what critics may consider the political faults of the Victorian age.

Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory

is both true of British history and an admirable sentiment as part of Tennyson's 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington'. But the ode has been less popular in an epoch when men have turned to despise glory and to regret the killings of the past. It is feeling about this poem or about 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' that has undoubtedly lowered Tennyson's reputation, as a similar feeling has lowered the reputation of Kipling. The less patriotic have dismissed both men as patriots.

But these judgments have been largely unreasonable. Tennyson was prompted to write his most nationalist poems because during forty years he took his duties as Poet Laureate so seriously. The best of Tennyson is certainly not perhaps to be found in his official poems or in those that in his own day received the widest acclaim, with the exception of 'In Memoriam'. It is to be found in his feeling for nature in general, as well as the different natural objects of the English countryside that he knew and loved, in such poems as 'In Memoriam', the Lincolnshire dialect poems, and 'Tithonus'. And in almost all that he wrote perhaps Tennyson's finest gift was his beautiful sense of music in words:

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.

What They Are Saying

Drawing different morals

THERE HAVE BEEN some interesting reactions, from the Communist countries, to the coming visit of Mr. Khrushchev to the United States. Moscow radio, for example, took the opportunity of reading a lecture to Turkey, in the following words:

The conditions which are now emerging could shake the foundations of Turkey's foreign policy. Turkey's statesmen have repeatedly rejected the hand of friendship extended to them by the socialist countries. They have avoided new contacts with these countries and reduced, as far as possible, previously established contacts. In other words, they have acted in conformity with the policy of the Cold War. Today it is clear to all that such a policy is totally unjustified and outmoded. The decisions adopted in Moscow and Washington on top-level visits, based on the principle of reciprocity, have dealt a new and crushing blow to this policy.

The broadcast, which was in Turkish, went on to indicate that an economic realignment by Turkey is among the changes desired by Russia:

In not co-operating with the socialist countries, Turkey has lagged behind in its economic development. Turkey's dependence solely on one side has led to numerous difficulties in both the economic and political fields. As the Soviet Union's ties with the Nato countries, including the U.S.A., constantly increase, such an unwise policy can no longer be justified.

The East German Government looks to the coming Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting to forward its own aims of entering into relations with the West German Government. So much was clear from an East German transmission which gave a statement by Otto Winzer, one of the East German officials present at the Geneva Conference. This ran as follows:

If such meetings between the leading statesmen of the two leading Powers of the socialist and capitalist systems have been taking place with increasing frequency in recent times, similar encounters between the leading forces of the two German states should be even more possible. The Soviet Union and the United States differ more strongly from one another than the two German states which, by virtue of their countless links, have a much better chance of arriving at an understanding. If this has so far not happened the responsibility must be borne solely by Bonn.

Prague radio, in English, commenting on the coming Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting, recalled the pioneering work of Mr. Macmillan. 'There is certainly no doubt', said the Czechoslovak commentator, 'that the British Prime Minister, by his visit to Moscow in the spring, set going a new phase of negotiations and meetings, and that, in doing so, he influenced a number of other Western leaders'. Nevertheless, Czechoslovak, Polish, and Hungarian commentators have all taken the line that 'difficult problems' will not disappear 'as if at the touch of a magic wand' through the Khrushchev-Eisenhower meeting. Budapest radio, in English, warned that 'there are still strong forces working against any agreement'. And the Czechoslovak radio underlined Communist determination to try to change the *status quo* in Berlin, whatever might happen at the meetings between Eisenhower and Khrushchev.

Some signs of scepticism or definite disapproval of the coming meeting between President and Prime Minister come from two countries in the Far East. The South Korean radio, in English for North America, said that the South Korean Government was withholding official reactions and taking a cautious wait-and-see attitude but that the 'man in the street' in Seoul, the capital, believed that the United States had been blackmailed into meeting Khrushchev.

A Formosan commentator, broadcasting from Taipeh on its home service, suggested that the United States had agreed to the visits under pressure from the British Government; he believed that the meetings would weaken the confidence of the democratic countries in the United States.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

MORNING ANGELS

'GETTING UP very early in the morning is a duty which probably appeals to most scientists as little as to the rest of us', said ANGUS MACPHERSON in 'Today'. 'But once a week for nearly a year a group of radar scientists, who work at Marconi's research station near Chelmsford, have been getting up a couple of hours before dawn to switch on their tubes. This is the time when some odd things can be seen happening on the radar.

'Mysterious "ring angels" appear—a series of faint rings spreading outwards from a number of well-defined points all over south-east England, looking like ripples on a pond after a stone has been thrown in. Nobody so far has produced any convincing explanation of what they are. They are called "ring angels" because they are in the shape of rings and since the early days of radar anything unexplained that appears on a screen is nicknamed an angel.

'Sometimes these ripples can be seen spreading out until they are ten or fifteen miles across, and lasting five minutes or more before they fade out. When one fades out, another ripple is probably following on—up to half a dozen from one point in the space of thirty minutes. Over a year, about seventy of these "angel centres" have been pin-pointed all over south-eastern England. Some of them are near towns, some in open country; but although these places have been carefully examined nothing has been found to show why angels should form here and nowhere else—or indeed why they should form at all.

'One clue is that some of these points may be close to well-known sites for starlings. Radar men are always ready to "blame it on the birds" when anything strange turns up. This is from bitter experience, since birds have always seemed to take a delight in harassing the radar men by making funny shapes on their screens. But if the ring angels are made by birds it would mean that thousands of them must wake up and fly off at the same instant to all points of the compass, and keep this up, flying at anything up to fifty miles an hour, at the same time maintaining a perfect circle—a piece of formation acrobatics that any crack Air Force team would envy. A less likely idea is that the radar men are watching the movements of air itself, stirred up by rising temperature as the dawn approaches.

'The dawn watch at Chelmsford will go on until these angels have had their wings properly clipped and their rings are neatly docketed, under effects of birds, temperature inversions, or whatever it may turn out to be—like so many other strange things in the air, to which that little glowing tube has opened our eyes'.

LINES AND LICENCE

In 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme) recently JAMES LAVER was questioned by David Holmes. Mr. Laver is a historian of fashion, who is just about to retire from a Keepership at London's Victoria and Albert Museum.

'My interest in fashion began years ago', he said, 'when I was simply trying to date pictures. I discovered that if there was a fashionable woman in a picture—men will not do because they change so slowly, and of course peasants will not do because they change by place and not by time—you can date it within a couple of years in the nineteenth century and perhaps six or seven years in the eighteenth, and so on.

'Can one also look at a costume and learn from it something about the



Crinolines of the eighteen-fifties—

social conditions which produced it?', David Holmes asked. 'That has always been my firm conviction', said Mr. Laver. 'It seems to me that if one looks at the dresses of 1925, for instance, and then those of the eighteen-fifties, they obviously reflect two very different social set-ups. In the eighteen-fifties one is obviously in the presence of a sound economy, a rather dominant male element, a rather tight-laced epoch, if one might put it like that, and an epoch in which huge families were being brought into the world, because if anybody admires

enormous hips—and the crinoline was an enormously exaggerated hip—then obviously the population is increasing. If people admire very straight lines and girlish figures, or even boyish figures as they did in the nineteen-twenties, then the population curve has slowed down. I am also convinced that if the waist is in the wrong place, as it was in, say, 1800 after the French Revolution and in 1925 after the first world war, there is a good deal of licence among young women and also money is bad. Promiscuity and inflation go with straight lines and the waist in the wrong place'.



OPERATION BERNHARD

A strange story, stretching back over nearly twenty years, has been told by DEREK HART and PETER WICHMAN in the television programme 'Tonight'.

Derek Hart: 'Recently a massive haul of forged English banknotes has been discovered in the Toplitze, high up in the Austrian mountains to the south-east of Salzburg.

'Representatives of the German magazine, *Der Stern*, using the newest type of underwater camera, have succeeded in locating a hoard of counterfeit notes dumped in the lake at the end of the

—and 'straight lines and girlish figures' of 1925

war. In their monitors the searchers could see the boxes televised by the camera 200 feet down beneath the surface of the lake. This was the culmination of several years' work. The cameras picked up one of the boxes of notes securely anchored to the bottom of the lake. So far thirteen of them, all containing £5 notes with a face value of over £500,000, have been raised and handed over to the Austrian police; and there are still another fifty or so boxes to be brought up. Some already up burst open, and one bundle of notes—£5,000-worth—has already been stolen under the eyes of the police.

'While all this is going on, the Bank of England is in constant touch with Interpol in Vienna: for although these notes ceased to be legal tender in 1944 they can still be passed off on the unsuspecting should they happen to fall into unscrupulous hands. They were just some of the 9,000,000 Bank of England notes, with a face value of over £140,000,000 sterling, which were printed by Hitler's Intelligence Service during the war.

'Operation Bernhard, as it was called, began in Berlin early in 1940. The R.A.F. had dropped bogus food and clothing coupons over Germany, and this gave Himmler the idea of scattering counterfeit banknotes over England to disrupt Britain's economy. The master mind in this ambitious plan was a certain S.S. officer called Naujocks. Naujocks recruited the finest engravers in the Reich, and after months of painstaking experiment succeeded in producing forged notes which completely fooled foreign banks. For security's sake the counterfeit plant was set up in a concentration camp, Sachsenhausen, near Berlin. In 1942 Major Bernhard Kruger was put in charge of the counterfeiting, and under his direction Himmler's original scheme was abandoned, and instead £1,500,000-worth of forged fivers went out to pay German bills in Turkey and the Near East, £3,000,000 in France and the Low Countries, and £7,500,000 in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Scandinavia.

'In 1943, the Mussolini rescue operation was paid for in forged notes—£50,000-worth paid out by Operation Bernhard. In 1944, the counterfeit plant was moved to Austria, to the Abensee concentration camp, not far from Lake Toplitz. It was at Abensee that word came from Himmler a few days before the end of the war that every trace of Operation Bernhard was to be obliterated. But Himmler's orders were disobeyed: some of the notes were dumped into Lake Toplitz, others were secreted. One consignment which was thrown into the River Ems by fleeing S.S. men broke open, and millions of pounds worth of notes were fished out by delighted Austrians, Russians, Americans, and British. £21,000,000-worth were recovered in all by allied security officers, but British frogmen who searched the Toplitzsee were unable to discover any notes in the lake.

'One of the six men on *Der Stern's* investigation is its London correspondent, Mr. Peter Wichman.

'How was it, Mr. Wichman, that your magazine succeeded after all these years, when the international police forces of the world had all failed?'

Peter Wichman: 'We had the luck to find Dr. Determan who was the Chief of the Naval Research Station at Toplitzsee, and he had seen these boxes being dropped down, so he could give us a rough indication of where we might find them.

'Many people made their fortunes with these forgeries, and they were very much afraid their reputations might suffer, so they offered our correspondents big bribes to lay off the story. This made us more determined than ever to go on'.

Hart: 'Are you suggesting then that people are still making money out of this?'

Wichman: 'A certain number of people are. For instance, behind the Iron Curtain many people think of escaping to the West and having a nest egg somewhere, and they are buying these forged pound notes, thinking they are still the genuine currency'.



A diver salvaging forged £5 notes from Lake Toplitz in the Austrian Alps

NATIONAL TRUST THEATRE

At Polesden Lacey, not far from Dorking in Surrey, the National Trust presides over some fine grounds and a stately home. But for three days a year the Trust also takes on another role, that of theatrical impresario, for each summer performances may be seen there. RONALD ROBSON spoke of the theatre in 'The Eye-witness'. 'It

was in 1951', he said, 'that this open-air theatre started—thanks to the Bookham Community Association, whose members wanted to do something about Festival of Britain Year, and obtained permission from the National Trust to build the stage at Polesden Lacey for a production of *Merrie England*.

'Against a natural back-cloth of trees, at the lower end of a gently sloping park, the Association members excavated an orchestra pit and threw up a smooth, grass-covered mound as the basis of their theatre. They continued to present plays there through their own resources until 1955. After that, they asked the National Trust to take over. The venture is so popular that it is making a profit, which is ploughed back into the theatre. The time may not be far off when three days in a year will not be enough to accommodate all who want to see plays there'.



Opening scene from *The Merchant of Venice* produced at Polesden Lacey last year

A Time for Decision in the Motor Industry

By AUBREY SILBERSTON

AT the moment the motor industry is 'sitting pretty'. It is selling all the cars it can make at home and abroad in record numbers, and there are long waiting lists for the most popular models. It is making three times as many cars and commercial vehicles as in the best pre-war year and its exports are six times what they were then. Who would not be a motor manufacturer?

Uncertain Future

But there are drawbacks. I do not doubt that in the long run the industry will continue to sell more and more vehicles. But that is about everything that can be said with any degree of assurance. The motor industry's future is full of uncertainties for the industry as a whole, and even greater uncertainties for the individual firms within it. The situation facing vehicle manufacturers would not be so difficult if they could simply do nothing, or could gradually expand the production of their existing models without making any dramatic new decisions. But the motor industry is not the sort of industry in which this behaviour is possible—at least, it is not possible for any firm which wants to remain successful. There are two facts about the industry which explain why this is so. The first is that it is necessary to produce on a large scale to make vehicles as cheaply as possible—a scale, incidentally, which has only been fully attained in the United States. The second is that it is virtually essential for the leading firms to introduce new models every few years—the case of Volkswagen is the exception that proves the rule. The capital cost involved in bringing out new models may run into tens of millions of pounds, and the risks are enormous: a firm's whole future can be bound up with the success or failure of a single model. A firm which wishes to be certain of success, therefore, must try to match its competitors as regards scale of production, so as to keep its costs competitive, and it must also introduce new models more or less as often as they do, at great expense and risk to itself.

The present time calls for particularly important decisions from motor manufacturers. Some years ago most of the leading firms in the industry embarked on large expansion schemes. Taking all the plans together, the industry expected to have a capacity for producing between 1,500,000 and 1,750,000 cars and commercial vehicles by 1960. In fact, some firms have completed their expansion plans earlier than they originally intended, and most plans have now been carried out or are nearing completion. Not all factories are yet working at their full capacity, but many are not far below it. Firms are often able to achieve surprising increases in output without increasing the size of their plant, and I have not much doubt that if it chose to work its present plant intensively the motor industry could raise its output appreciably above present levels. Even so, any substantial rise in output would require additional investment in buildings and machinery.

A Question for Manufacturers

The question that all vehicle manufacturers must now be asking themselves is: 'What further expansion, if any, ought I to undertake now? In particular, is a further major expansion called for at the present time?'

In putting the issue in this way I have oversimplified it greatly. Only a very short-sighted manufacturer would wait until one round of expansion was completed before thinking about the next. Every large firm must have been giving active thought to this problem of further expansion for the last two or three years at least. I have also oversimplified the issue in another way. Manufacturers in the motor industry need not expand by great leaps. They can expand by small steps, increasing their productive capacity slowly but increasing it nevertheless. One way of doing

this is to produce new models of cars with the help of new machinery, while at the same time retaining current models and using existing machinery to produce them. It can be taken for granted that many of the chief manufacturers have expansion plans for this sort in mind: some, indeed, have already announced them.

Nevertheless, when all the qualifications have been made, it is still true to say that the present time is a time of decision in a rather special sense. The plans that are now being completed have for the most part been major ones. Having completed them the industry is, so to speak, drawing breath and attempting to fill current orders. It is, however, aware that further important decisions about future expansion need now to be made. Possibly some of these have already been taken but, if so, they have yet to be made public. My own suspicion is that most of the final decisions have not yet been made. After all, the failure of the plan for a European Free Trade Area only became apparent at the end of last year and this must have caused much rethinking on the part of vehicle manufacturers.

Although the British exports of cars and commercial vehicles are six times what they were before the war, there is a less encouraging feature of the export situation: the British share in world export markets is not as great now as it has been in previous post-war years. For commercial vehicles the world market has not increased since 1951 and our exports of commercial vehicles were actually smaller in 1958 than in most recent years. For cars, on the other hand, there has been a considerable growth in total world trade and our exports have grown in absolute terms, even though they have not grown as fast as those of some of our competitors.

Changing Export Market

One of the most interesting developments affecting our growing exports of cars has been the change that has taken place in the countries to which these cars have gone. In particular there has been a big fall in the relative importance of Commonwealth countries, notably Australia. Australia took nearly a third of our car exports in 1950 but last year it took many fewer cars and accounted for not much more than one-tenth of our total car exports. The main reason for this decline in the size of the Australian market has been the growth of domestic manufacture there, and it is expected that within a few years Australia will be a net exporter of cars rather than a net importer. Several of the firms manufacturing vehicles in Australia are British firms, so that this country will benefit in the shape of higher profits earned overseas, but direct exports of vehicles to Australia are certain to fall even further.

On the other hand, while the Australian market has been declining in importance, and the New Zealand market has been reduced in size as a result of balance-of-payment difficulties, there has been a striking growth in the number of cars exported to the United States of America. All the main European car-producing countries have shared in this growth of imports, but in recent years the British industry has done particularly well, and last year not much less than a third of all British car exports went to the United States.

One of the vital questions affecting the future is: 'What is going to happen to the American market?' As a direct result of successful foreign competition, the leading American motor manufacturers are going to introduce, later this year, a range of cars which are smaller in size than those they produce at present. It is probable that the introduction of these cars will cause some fall in imports. But the new cars will be larger than the most successful of the European invaders and will not possess the social 'cachet' of a car imported from Europe. What will happen is anybody's guess, but it seems likely that European exports of

cars to the United States will continue to run at a high level. However, it also seems likely that year-to-year fluctuations in the size of these exports will be considerable. If this occurs, it is bound to have an unsettling effect on the European manufacturers.

Another vital question is: 'What will happen in Europe?' In the Common Market countries of Europe there has been a fast growth in new car sales in recent years, and imports in the future are likely to grow at a rapid rate. In the absence of a Free Trade Area, this country will be put at an increasing disadvantage in Europe as the six members of the Common Market mutually lower their tariff barriers and export more and more to each other. If the 'Outer Seven' Free Trade Area is formed, this should certainly help Britain's car exports to such countries as Sweden, but Britain's European market as a whole will be far smaller than in a wide European Free Trade Area.

Foreign Competition

Finally, there is the question of general foreign competition. Over the last few years, the growth of car exports by such countries as Italy, France, and Germany has been much greater than the growth of car exports by this country. To some extent this has been due to a delayed recovery from the war on their part, but other factors, such as an emphasis on salesmanship and on a wide network of distributors in import markets, have played their part. Recently, the British motor industry, which from a manufacturing point of view is well placed competitively, has become a good deal more competitive in these other respects, notably in the United States market. At the moment, also, it has a number of attractive new car models to offer to the world. As against all this, the industry will be adversely affected in the future if developments in the Common Market lead to the production of individual car models there on a larger scale than at present. In the motor industry, more than in many others, larger scale means lower costs, and lower costs mean more competitive prices.

In the face of all these uncertainties no manufacturer can hope to forecast with any degree of accuracy what British sales in export markets are likely to be over the next few years. My own view is that while commercial vehicle exports are not likely to grow fast, exports of cars may well increase a good deal—but an enormous amount depends on what happens in the United States and in Europe. Much depends also on what happens in the British home market, because larger sales on the British home market would help to bring about lower costs of production, and so would lead to greater competitive power abroad.

What about the British home market? What is likely to happen there? A growth in the sale of commercial vehicles is likely, although possibly not at a rapid rate. On the other hand, a much more rapid rate of increase in the sale of cars is probable. There is a long way to go before car ownership in this country approaches the levels reached in some of the wealthier countries of the world. There are about 330 cars on the road for every 1,000 people in the United States and over 200 cars in Canada and New Zealand. This compares with less than 90 cars per 1,000 people in this country. It is true that conditions are not the same here as, for example, in Canada; and it is also true that car ownership is at a higher level in this country than in most European countries. But a further increase in car ownership is as certain as anything can be, with all the consequences that this will bring for road building, the provision of car parks, and so on.

Growth in Car Ownership

A factor of some interest in this context is that in several European countries, notably West Germany, the rate of growth of car ownership has been much greater than in this country during the last few years. This more rapid rate of growth can be attributed to various related factors. Among these are: a delayed recovery from the war, a more rapidly rising national income, and a smaller number of cars in relation to the population to begin with. In addition, manufacturers in most of these countries have produced on a large scale some cars which are a good deal smaller and cheaper than those commonly produced in this country. The British motor industry argues that another factor is very important as well—that purchase tax on cars in the leading European countries is much lower than it is in this country. Here, purchase

tax adds over 40 per cent. to the retail price of a car. In Italy it adds about 9 per cent., in Western Germany and Sweden about 12 per cent., and in France about 20 per cent. The motor industry is convinced that heavy purchase tax is holding back progress in the British home market, and will continue to do so, and estimates of future sales of cars in the home market vary widely, depending on the level of purchase tax assumed.

I cannot help feeling that some of these estimates overstate the adverse effect of purchase tax on the level of car sales. There are several important factors, unrelated to purchase tax, which have encouraged a rapid rise in car sales in European countries. It is also relevant to note that the burden of taxation on motoring is not uniformly heavier in this country than in Europe. According to the latest figures I have seen, the petrol tax in this country, at 2s. 6d. per gallon, is about the same as in Western Germany and Sweden but less than half that in France and Italy. Undoubtedly, future sales of cars in this country would be higher if purchase tax were reduced, and this would help the industry in export markets because it would bring down the industry's costs; but there must continue to be a good deal of uncertainty about exactly how big the effect would be.

Vehicle manufacturers can be fairly sure that the demand for vehicles made by British manufacturers will increase, but they can be only very uncertain about what the rate of increase will be. As if this were not enough, there are for any individual manufacturer all the uncertainties about competition within the industry itself.

Emphasis on Type and Range of Models

This competition is fierce, even though over 90 per cent. of the output of cars, commercial vehicles, and tractors is now in the hands of only five large manufacturers. By and large, these manufacturers do not compete by cutting prices but by trying to offer cars and commercial vehicles which give better value for money than those produced by their competitors. Most popular cars in a given class—say the 1½-litre class—do not differ much in price, and manufacturers stress in their advertisements the qualities of their cars rather than their low prices. This type of competition, which is fairly general in the motor industry, places a good deal of emphasis on the type of models produced, on the range of models offered, and on the continual improvement of models.

To some extent this emphasis on model competition pulls the vehicle manufacturer in opposing directions. On the one hand he wants to offer a wide range of models. On the other hand he wants to produce individual models on a large scale in order to achieve the lowest possible costs of production. I feel myself that in the past the emphasis in many firms has been too much in favour of a wide range of models, so that opportunities for economies of large scale production have not been fully grasped, but there has certainly been a good deal of improvement in recent years. Perhaps the leading example is the British Motor Corporation which still produces many different makes of car, but now uses common body panels, common engines and other common parts extensively.

During the last few months there has been an interesting development in model competition. In the past, British manufacturers have refused to make cars as small and as unconventional as those made by many Continental firms. I have suggested that this may have been one of the factors helping to explain why there has been a more rapid rate of increase of car sales in Continental countries. Now, however, at least one British manufacturer, the British Motor Corporation, has announced that it is going to produce a small front-wheel-drive car, and it is known that another small car is on its way from at least one of the other leading manufacturers. Other firms in the industry will certainly have to think hard now about whether they, too, should introduce small cars. If they do not, they may find themselves at a considerable disadvantage in the future.

Finally, there is the relationship between competition and the overall scale of production in the motor industry. Two firms, Ford and the British Motor Corporation, are far larger than the others, and because of this should be able to produce a good deal more cheaply than the remaining 'big-five' firms; but low costs of production are not everything. If a firm can produce a really

outstanding model it can sell it even if it is a little dearer than those produced by its competitors. The Standard Motor Company is the smallest of the 'big-five'; on the face of it, Standard is in danger of being too small to compete effectively with such firms as the British Motor Corporation. But in producing as attractive a car as the Triumph 'Herald' the company has made a strong bid for continued prosperity. And now it has at its disposal, so it is thought, some £12,000,000 as a result of the sale of its tractor plant to Massey-Harris.

What this lively firm will do with this money is an intriguing question. No doubt a good deal of it is earmarked for future schemes to increase the scale of car production. Standard has also been thinking of increasing its overall scale in a different way: by merging with another firm. Only recently there were talks between Standard and the Rover Company, but eventually they came to nothing.

It certainly seems likely that in time we shall hear of further merger proposals in the industry, possibly involving other firms than Standard, since to merge with another firm is one of the easiest ways of increasing one's scale of production. Indeed, the decision whether to merge or not is one of the most important of those now facing the medium-sized firms in the industry. I believe that mergers would, generally speaking, be desirable. They would increase the scale of production of individual firms, while they would not be likely greatly to reduce competition in the industry. In the light of all the uncertainties facing the British motor industry, and all the decisions that have to be taken, the decision to merge might be among the wisest that many firms could make. It would certainly help them to embark with confidence on further big expansion schemes—schemes which will have to be undertaken, sooner rather than later, by the leading firms.—*Third Programme*

Living Things in the Frame of Nature*

By CHARLES RAVEN

IT is typical of the customary outlook upon the history of science to append a section on the study of living organisms to a record concerned almost entirely with mathematics, astronomy, physics, and chemistry. This is all a part of the tendency, still so prevalent, to identify science with weight and measurement and to treat biology and psychology under mechanical categories and by laboratory methods. Here we cannot be concerned with the failings of this procedure or the recent revolts against it. But upon the story of the making of the modern world it has had a seriously distorting effect.

For, in fact, the scientific movement—in its origin among the general changes which we call the Renaissance—owed far more to medicine, to the study of plants and animals, the development of new foodstuffs and flowers and the exploration of new lands and seas, than to Copernicus and his successors. Not until the eighteenth century could it be said of science: 'There is now no room for natural philosophy: mathematics hath engrossed all'. Of the remarkable achievements which had created an orderly and scientific botany and zoology before the Copernican cosmology had become generally accepted we have in fact a much fuller knowledge than we have of the early alchemists or even the astronomers, let alone the engineers and the mechanics.

It is indeed arguable that gastronomy, not astronomy, is the oldest science and that the first application of the method of observation and experiment was made in the primitive kitchens of the cave-men, and was soon expanded into the fields of medicine, hunting, and agriculture. And although it was speedily obscured by superstitions and traditions, fables and fancies, it was never wholly abandoned even in the darkest ages. European culture and education owe a great debt to the Hippocratic oath and the Hippocratic colleges which set apart the medical profession as a dedicated and educated caste long before any other calling had been similarly and adequately equipped. Salerno and its medical school exerted an influence on the universities not only of Italy, like Padua, but also in other countries, as at Leyden. This has not been adequately acknowledged.

Moreover, thanks to Dioscorides and Galen, who had provided the standard text-books for pharmacology and for medicine, the tradition of Greek science had been kept alive more effectively

than in any other of its departments. When the Renaissance re-created a demand for classical manuscripts, and the printing-presses gave them unprecedented circulation, the commentaries upon Dioscorides's herbs and the disputes about Galen's anatomy originated the scientific research which was to spread all over western Europe by the middle of the sixteenth century. By then five commentators in various parts of Europe had expounded Dioscorides; and Vesalius of Belgium and John Caius of England had inaugurated the criticism and defence of Galen. Moreover,

scholars of the early Renaissance in northern Italy had initiated inquiries into the plants mentioned by Pliny; and as Latin and Greek source-books were edited, substantial additions not only to botany but to zoology were made; and the process so familiar in the field of religion which compared the medieval fables of the herbals and bestiaries with the sober records and observations of classical authors added a great mass of material for the beginnings of biological studies.

The great pioneer who brought together all the evidence from the classics, from the traditions, and from a lifetime of study and inquiry—the man who has perhaps the best claim to be regarded as the founder of modern science—was Conrad Gesner, the Swiss. His four great

folios on the *History of Animals, Reptiles, Birds and Fishes*, his collections of material for projected volumes on insects and plants, his vast number of other books, his hundreds of letters to doctors and students of nature all over Europe, and perhaps above all his excellent pictures illustrating the *History* so well that nearly all the creatures mentioned can still be easily identified—all this meant that he had not only produced the necessary material for zoological and botanical studies, but had given to students everywhere a sense of partnership and a standard of excellence which constituted a real scientific movement. We in Britain can see from our two first biologists, William Turner and John Caius, how much Gesner meant to them; and his many pupils in the next generation were scientists in the modern sense of the word.

The rapidity with which the new study of nature kindled the imagination and excited the interest of Western man was due in large part to the discoveries which the great voyagers and explorers brought home with them. The potato and the turkey,



A hoopoe: one of the illustrations in Conrad Gesner's *Historia Animalium* (1555)

By courtesy of the British Museum (Natural History)

tobacco and quinine, tea, coffee, and chocolate, these were tangible proofs of the value of 'natural philosophy': for their human interest they were far more important than Copernican astronomy and more immediately rewarding than developments in mining and machinery.

The actual course of biological studies began inevitably with the naming of the plants and animals which medicine, literature, and observation made familiar. A chief incentive for identifying plants came from the traditional 'compound' drugs and antidotes to poison which had a sacrosanct reputation but no certainty as to their ingredients. The stylized pictures in the herbals derived remotely from Greek originals had long lost any resemblance to living flowers; and in any case they represented species from the Aegean or Asia Minor. We know how laboriously every classical reference was extracted and categorized and compared: but with useless illustrations and almost worse descriptions the results were at best speculative. Popular names and legends were based on the strange doctrine of signatures: this assumed that every plant testified by colour or shape or structure to its uses and value to man; this had controlled pharmacy for centuries. But the precise herbs which were actually used were hard to identify.

One essential and yet accidental cause of the speed and success of this first phase of biological study was the excellence of the artists who devoted themselves to depicting the flora and fauna of their world. It is I think true that no one has ever drawn plants or animals better than Dürer; and that the teams of experts who produced the woodcuts for the first herbals fully deserve to be classed with the Master. They worked from newly gathered specimens and though some of them, the borages for example, faded too fast for them, no plant that they dealt with could ever be mistaken for anything else. The pictures of animals and birds reproduced by Gesner are not so good: the attitudes are often stilted and the shapes occasionally distorted: but in the birds most of those taken from life are plainly recognizable; and the animals, those for example drawn by John Caius from specimens in the London Docks and the Lion Gate of the Tower, are usually easy to name. With such guides it was possible not only to identify large numbers of particular species but to observe their affinities and arrange them in

an appropriate system. And this was in fact being done before the dawn of the seventeenth century.

Fortunately, also, the great publishing house of Plantin of Antwerp acquired large collections of woodcuts which, starting with those of Fuchs's herbal, were constantly increased and were used by our British herbalists. To Plantin and his successors botanical studies owe an incalculable debt: it is largely due to their diligence in producing, translating, and distributing the voluminous works of the sixteenth-century pioneers that the study of plants reached its scientific status before this had been attained in any other subject, and that gardening and agriculture were so soon to encourage serious study of soils and culture, of variations and hybridization. There were dozens of named forms of pinks and carnations before the start of the seventeenth century. And the tulip-mania of Holland had begun within fifty years of the introduction of the first scarlet tulip into Europe; William Turner had urged the growing of flax and had brought lucerne (alfalfa) into England as a fodder-plant, and de l'Ecluse developed potato-culture in Germany, Austria, France, and the Low Countries, and was the first serious student of mycology. By the end of the century the famous brothers Gaspard and Jean Bauhin had brought botany to a point of excellence at which it had to stick until fuller knowledge of plant physiology and of the chemistry of soils was available.

Some progress of a scientific as well as a speculative kind had already been made in this direction. Paracelsus by his experiments with metallic and chemical remedies and Van Helmont with his study of what he was the first to call gas, his interest in fermentation and his research on the growth of a willow, had opened up problems which went far beyond matters of identification and nomenclature. Van Helmont especially, by sharing the philosophical and mystical ideas of the Renaissance Platonists of Italy, did much to prevent science from becoming absorbed in practical and mechanistic inquiries. His influence was not without effect upon the medicine of the seventeenth century and its great pioneer William Harvey, whose massive collection of material was destroyed in the Civil War but who published his *De Generatione* in 1651. Writing a generation before Leeuwenhoek's discovery of spermatozoa, Harvey's knowledge of the

physiology of impregnation was necessarily incomplete, but his observations on pregnancy and still more on courtship are full of interest: he was a pioneer in the study of the living animal—an element in biology which has only in recent years become pre-eminent.

It was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, when the work of Bacon and Comenius and the foundation of scientific societies gave an inspiration and unity to all branches of study, that the next forward move in biology began. This was twofold. In the first place a closer attention was paid to the structure and habits of living organisms; concepts of specific distinctness, of relationships and of a natural system of classification, became established; and problems of form and function and of the evidence for design suggested themselves. In the second the development of observation and experiment challenged and destroyed fabulous traditional beliefs like spontaneous generation or the degradation of one species into another, and purged zoology of its legendary and emblematic elements—the phoenix, the gryphon, the were-wolf, and the unicorn. As a consequence, the period of exploration and identification naturally led on to the expansion of natural



A cyclamen: from Fuchs's herbal of 1542
By courtesy of the British Museum (Natural History)



Fifteenth-century woodcut of a unicorn. In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the development of observation and experiment purged zoology of its legendary and emblematic elements.

philosophy into the ordered system of the sciences; and biological studies were enlarged to include the whole organic field and deepened by attention to anatomy and physiology and the first concern with palaeontology. It is from this period that we can best date the coming of the modern age.

Typical of this great advance, and to some degree responsible for it, was the development in Britain. The writings of John Ray, greatest of naturalists, and his friend Francis Willughby produced not only the first system of classification of plants and the most complete history of them, but also similar histories of birds and fishes, animals, reptiles, and insects—a *systema naturae* half a century before that of Linnaeus—and the first inquiry into the problems of the relationship of the organism to its environment and of its form and function—an inquiry which led by way of Paley's *Natural Theology* to the work of Charles Darwin. Contemporary workers in many fields brought biological studies to a level beyond which they could hardly advance until physics had been emancipated from the ancient belief in the four elements and chemistry purged of astrology and alchemy and applied to a serious study of the structure of the earth and of its organic inhabitants. We have only to compare Ray's inquiries into problems of adaptation and behaviour with his attempts to explain respiration to realize the difficulty of the situation. It was inevitable that biology should mark time until the work of Haller and Lavoisier and their contemporaries made possible a scientific interpretation of the relation between the living creature and its environment. The studies in botany and zoology which had explored new worlds in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could only confine themselves to nomenclature and a rather superficial taxonomy until a deeper analysis of the whole order of nature made it possible to attain a sense of the interdependence and mutual relationships of its parts. Even then mechanistic categories and analogies dominated the world of science and tended to degrade the status and even to deny the characteristics of the world of life.

Thus it is plain that when interest in organic development was revived the attention that had to be paid to physiology and bio-chemistry reduced biology to little more than the study of dead organisms in a laboratory or their display in a museum. The living creature was almost lost to view: it was studied, if at all, in strict confinement, in cages and mazes: and theories as to its way of life were deduced from its structure and coloration rather than from observation in the field and in its normal surroundings. Until recently the range covered by naturalists like Ray lay outside the limits accepted as proper to the professional scientists, and the questions which he had asked were left unanswered for nearly two centuries. The recent study of animal psychology and of ecology is beginning to restore the wider and more coherent outlook of earlier days.

Now that we are at last escaping from this period of analysis and mensuration it is easy to see how the concentration upon physics and chemistry and their application to industrial development has led to an interpretation of the history of the New Philosophy which has tended to ignore the primacy of medical and biological studies, to identify science with mathematics and astronomy, and to trace back its pedigree to a succession of investigators, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Newton. Immensely important as they have been in establishing a reign of law and an urban and materialistic society, they neither



John Ray, the English naturalist (1627-1705)

National Portrait Gallery

initiated the emergence nor gave rise to the transformation of modern man. The heliocentric cosmology was less disturbing than the rejection of spontaneous generation, of creation as an act rather than a continuing process and of witchcraft, astrology, and magic. Charles Kingsley's welcome to Darwinism was: 'Men now find that they have got rid of an interfering God: they have to choose between the absolute empire of accident, and a living, immanent, ever-working God'. This gives its proper emphasis to the revolution—though it is sad that so many zoologists by the use of those potent instruments, Occam's razor and Nelson's telescope, still accept the former alternative and talk profanely of randomness. Enough said: it may be permissible to summarize the chief changes that we have been considering so far as they concern biology.

Instead of regarding the origin and development of life on our planet as caused by a single creative act (such as Milton described in *Paradise Lost*) and continued by a series of dramatic interventions, we see the whole as a process continuous, orderly, and coherent. In this process real novelties emerge. Death and the extinction of creatures ill-adjusted to their environment have been the accompaniments and to some extent the causes of progress. Life moves, and new levels of achievement both in structure and in behaviour are attained. Physically and mentally, individually and collectively, there is advance—though this is neither automatic nor mechanical. From the beginning of life there is a measure of free response, leading up to conscious intention and so to increasing control and co-operation. So the way has been prepared for man.

Though the new interpretation has challenged the traditions and transformed the outlook of former times, it is giving us a deeper and clearer insight into the nature of the universe, of life and its manifold development, and, for ourselves, of its values and of our goal.—*Third Programme*

Fisherman's Song

There I would cast my fly
Where the swan banks and follows,
Though stars are foxed, the dry,
The vanished river's shallows—
And all of time in her cry.

By rock and silted bend
Where the buried river ran
And grass sings in the wind,
I would follow the swan
To the reach of her mind—

Till rock and mirage break
And stars double and float
Upon the quiet lake.
There I'd put out my boat
As the herons wake,

And tossing to the floor
An empty spindle,
I'd rest upon an oar
Watching the dawnlight kindle
Christ's fire on the lake shore.

DAVID CAMPBELL

Madame de Staël and the German Question

By MAX BELOFF

IT is characteristic of the times in which we live that events move so fast as to deprive us of the capacity for surprise or wonder; it is as much as we can do to keep up with what is happening. And one naturally concentrates on the major issues, whatever these appear to be. In so far as we call history to our aid we also scan it for answers to what seem to be the most important questions: looking today to the past to see, for instance, what light it casts upon Russian intentions and upon the East-West tensions that make up the chief theme of current politics. But for the non-committed mind what may seem to be of relatively minor immediate importance may raise questions that are just as intriguing and as intellectually exciting as are those of more practical significance.

If one comes to think about it, nothing more extraordinary has happened in the last few years than the revision that has taken place in the relations of France and Germany. It is difficult to keep in mind the fact that a decade and a half ago France was under German occupation—an occupation that spared her no refinement of cruelty and humiliation. One might have forecast that France would recover from the disaster of 1940 and even that this humiliation would lead to a resurgence of nationalism of a somewhat extreme kind, but hardly that one aspect of her policies would be a co-operation with Western Germany of a far more intimate sort than that with her recent allies and liberators.

It is possible to explain the close alignment between France and Western Germany over the Berlin question and its associated problems in terms of pure self-interest. France has nothing to gain from any concessions towards the Communist view of the road to German unity, partly because German unity is not an object of her own policies, and partly because any risk of Communist infiltration into Western Germany is a direct menace to her own security. But there would seem to be more to it than the mere coincidence of views on current questions between President de Gaulle and Chancellor Adenauer.

The obliteration of Franco-German hostility has been in itself an object of policy on the part of some circles in both countries ever since the war. It was at the root of the impulse that led to the setting up of the Coal and Steel Community, since one of the main purposes of the common control of the coal and steel industries of the two countries (and their immediate neighbours) must be to make a war between them impossible. The Common Market and Euratom are also at bottom expressions of a determination to achieve unity on the basis of a Franco-German axis. It is not difficult to find rational political reasons why Federal Germany should have taken this path towards national rehabilitation in the eyes of Europe; the ultimate economic advantages for Germany as the stronger partner, industrially, are perhaps more doubtful. But the extent to which French repugnance has been overcome is more astonishing. Nor can it wholly be explained by a reaction against the United States and Britain arising out of differences about policies outside Europe.

After all, the secular rivalry between Teuton and Gaul is something we have all been taught to regard as a principal motif

of European history. Does it not date back to the partition of the Carolingian Empire, and is not the effort at creating the 'little Europe of the Six' simply an attempt to reverse this decision of eleven centuries ago? Like so many of the things one is taught in the history books this is at best only a half truth. Rivalry between France and Germany regarded as political units is not so ancient because Germany as a political unit is comparatively modern. One can if one narrows one's sights regard the wars of 1870, 1914, and 1939 as the three German wars that France has had to fight; but in the generation before

that there were aspects of French policy not altogether antipathetic to German nationalism; and in the eighteen-nineties it was still uncertain that hostility to Germany about Alsace-Lorraine would take precedence over the feelings symbolized in the name Fashoda.

For this reason one ought to be ready to re-think this question of Franco-German relations to some extent in terms of relations between two peoples, and to try to stand back from the particular political constellation in which it operates at any given time. And this must be the reason for coming back yet again to Madame de Staël. One can argue that in presenting the first two volumes of her magnificent new edition of Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*,* her great-great-granddaughter the Comtesse de Pange perhaps protests a little too much at the political use to which this work has been put. 'There was a time', she writes, 'when everyone was agreed on accusing Madame de Staël of being responsible for all our errors and all our illusions on the subject of Germany and the character of the Germans'; and certainly one can agree with her that it is

ridiculous to make the case that Madame de Staël's call for a revival of German national feeling is in any way responsible for the terrible forms that this revival has taken more recently. Nevertheless it is not altogether without interest to see what forms this classical appraisal takes, and what there is in it that strikes a chord.

There are two things about *De l'Allemagne* that have to be taken into account when using it as a jumping-off point for political reflections. As the Comtesse de Pange shows and as Mr. J. Christopher Herold makes clear in his recent and deservedly much praised biography of Madame de Staël, the book has to be considered in part in relation to Madame de Staël's hostility to Napoleon and his concept of a Europe united under his own absolute rule. To awaken German concern for political liberties was a weapon in the struggle against what Madame de Staël regarded as a tyranny that denied to the nations of Europe their proper liberties. Second, and perhaps even more important, we are dealing with a book that comes early in the history of that form of literature which is concerned with national character and its explanation. There is a belief implicit in it, and understandably only in the context of the Romantic movement, that the key to a people's conduct and character can be found in its arts, and particularly in its literature. The space given up to the analysis of poems, plays, and novels seems curious in a work that



Madame de Staël in 1816:
a miniature

*Edited by the Comtesse Jean de Pange in the series 'Les Grand Ecrivains de la France', Vols. I and II. Paris, Hachette (there are three more volumes to come)

is in the broadest sense political, and is not only to be explained by the fact that it was German literature and German philosophy that acted as a magnet to Madame de Staël and of which she sought to be the intermediary to the French.

The Germans indeed had little else to offer; and even this they rated too low. In Madame de Staël's opinion Germany was '*la nation métaphysique par excellence*'. The German writers excelled the French in depth and seriousness of thought and in sensibility, as the French excelled them in clarity and the ability to present ideas in an ordered and attractive fashion. This distinction between the romantic and the classic was at the basis of the whole approach of *De l'Allemagne* and explains the repeated claim that the two peoples, the French and Germans, were wholly unlike: 'the literature, the arts, the philosophy and the religion of the two peoples bear witness to this difference; and the eternal barrier of the Rhine separates two intellectual realms which are not less foreign to one another than the countries themselves'.

Isolated Intellectuals

The German devotion to abstract thought had political causes and consequences. Lacking any political unity, the German states had no common capital to act as a focus of intellectual life. The rigidity of class divisions further contributed to the isolation of the intellectuals, and made it possible to afford them complete liberty in their speculations which were incapable of affecting the march of events. Indeed the freedom of the individual enjoyed under the mild régime of most of the German states was one of the things that helped to weaken the demand for political independence and liberation from the overweening power of France.

The intellectual weakness of the Germans was best revealed in the pooriness of their political literature. It was not only that the intellectual habits of abstraction and vagueness that were suited to metaphysical speculation were unsuited to the factual and precise demands of writings directed at problems of the real world; it was that, lacking any genuine political institutions and living in a society so divided vertically as well as horizontally, the Germans were without that experience of great affairs which is the best education and is in itself an essential preliminary to productive thought on political subjects.

The weakness in literature reflected itself in action. Over-intellectualism blunted the powers of decision. With a century of experience of German prowess in warfare behind us, Madame de Staël's repeated reflections on the Germans' lack of martial qualities, on a devotion to domestic comforts which made them recalcitrant in face of the hardships of the camp, may strike us as a somewhat rueful joke. But when she writes of the Germans' dislike of having to make decisions for themselves, of their readiness to carry out orders providing someone is available to give them, and of a tendency to flatter the wielders of power which contrasted disagreeably with their claim to share the manly independence of the northern peoples, we feel ourselves on ground that we have been over more recently. Is there not something essentially and permanently non-political about a people who are content to study books where their neighbours study men in action, and have not many of Germany's disasters come from taking the written word too seriously?

Divided Germany

There is, I think, a topicality about *De l'Allemagne* partly because it was precisely the divided Germany of the *ancien régime* that Madame de Staël saw in her visits in 1803-04 and 1808-09. It was the Germany that Bismarck thought to circumvent by making a nation through blood and iron and not through an appeal to sentiment. It is worth considering whether the Federal Republic of today, bereft of its national capital and with more influence located in the different regions than has been the case for a long time—whether this present-day Germany, which has shown such reluctance to rearm, which is so lacking in political self-consciousness as to tolerate the Chancellor's overt concentration of authority in his own hands, and which is certainly more devoted to material comfort than to large ideas, is not something rather closer in spirit to the Germany of Madame de Staël's day than to the Germany of Bismarck, the Kaiser, and

Hitler, which is what we still instinctively mean when we think of Germany.

Does some belief of this kind underlie the French confidence that they can handle a Germany more populous and wealthier than themselves in a way which will make the unity of Europe something other than a peaceful route towards the German domination of the western half of the continent? There may be something of this in the minds of some of France's political and intellectual leaders; not so much, perhaps, among the people. For as Madame de Staël wrote in her original travel notes, published here for the first time, though the élites of the two countries can understand one another the common people of the two countries could not be more unlike.

Madame de Staël herself was convinced of the full creed of romantic nationalism. 'There is', she wrote, 'something very particular about the difference between one people and another: the climate, the natural scenery, the language, the system of government, and above all the events of history, a power more extraordinary still than all the others, contribute to these diversities, and no man, however superior his intellect, can divine what may develop naturally in the mind of someone who lives on another soil and breathes another air'. Nations had much to gain by a free interchange of ideas. Perhaps the Germans would learn good taste, and the French learn to reject frivolity.

But the destinies of the two countries should not be confounded. Germany lying at the heart of Europe must be independent if the Continent as a whole were to recover its freedom. This was the burden of Madame de Staël's complaint against Napoleon. Nor was it right to try to link the two countries together even if France was the senior partner, as it was at that time. 'For if Germany were united with France, it would follow that France would be united with Germany, and that the French of Hamburg, like the French of Rome'—for Napoleon's grip extended to Italy as well—'would alter by degrees the character of the compatriots of Henry IV: the defeated in the long run would modify the nature of the conquerors, and all would finish by losing'. The romantic attitude to national differences is not in vogue today; but looking at some aspects of contemporary Europe, there is perhaps something still to be said for it; there is even something to be said for Madame de Staël.

Titans in Perspective

Best to be brief in asking, as we stroll
In public gardens fresh from summer rain,
Whose are the statues set before the trees.
Listening we understand the slow bell's toll
And wrought-iron gates must now be locked again:
Each stroke counts void a question asked at ease.

Washed by the storm the watery sky is bright,
On asphalt paths its sudden rain collects:
A puddle under evening clouds reflects
Pale pools of yellow and of salmon light.

The titans' image, no more definite
Than patterns blown on water, is dispersed:
Stone grips them frozen in a single stance.
Hard to recall evasive outlines right,
Pale stone wears smooth and features are immersed—
Symbols of myth, sealed off from circumstance.

Winter campaigns were set them when they had
Refused the offer of some minor bribes:
They fought in deserts with the bright-skinned tribes,
Struggled to rivers and were found there, mad.

The spreading shadow flickers, animates
The features of the stone; each polymath
Returns and dies before illusions breed.
Deep in a twilight world, within iron gates,
A bird sweeps from the branches; in its path
The faces of the emperors recede.

DONALD THOMAS

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

August 5-11

Wednesday, August 5

The Foreign Ministers' conference in Geneva ends

Government forces in Laos claim to have recaptured nearly all military outposts abandoned to the rebels during recent attacks

A House of Commons Committee criticizes the Foreign Office for 'a serious failure to obtain timely and accurate information' about the situation in Cuba before last year's revolt

Thursday, August 6

It is announced in Washington that Mr. Khrushchev will arrive in the United States on September 15

The new report of the Cohen Council urges industry to cut prices but gives a warning about the danger of a shorter working week unless accompanied by higher productivity

Mr. Nehru says that in recent months China has been seriously interfering with India's trade with Tibet

Friday, August 7

Expressions of pleasure are received from many parts of the world at the news that the Queen is expecting a third child

B.O.A.C.'s application (opposed by American airlines) to operate their round-the-world service through San Francisco and Tokyo is approved by President Eisenhower

Saturday, August 8

The United States Navy announces the development of a radar system that can detect the launching of rockets and nuclear explosions in almost any part of the world

The motoring organizations report the worst traffic congestion ever recorded in some parts of Britain, including a queue eighteen miles long at Exeter

Sunday, August 9

President Eisenhower is to visit Dr. Adenauer in Bonn at the end of the month, before flying to London

Representatives of eleven of the twelve unions at the British Motor Corporation's plant at Cowley agree to continue the strike, started last month, over the dismissal of a chief shop steward

Monday, August 10

Havana radio announces that hundreds of arrests have been made in Cuba for 'revolutionary acts'

Severe thunderstorms cause floods in south and west England

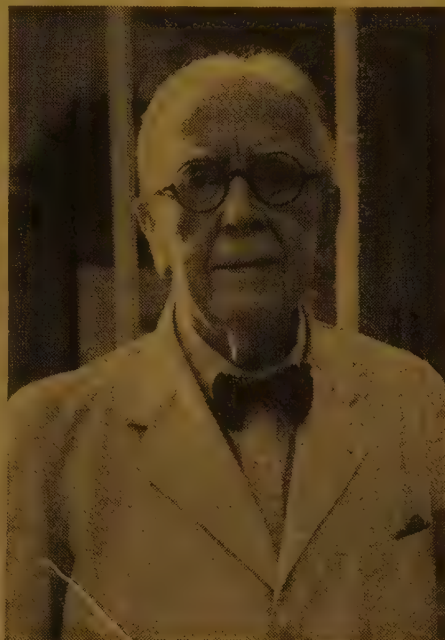
Tuesday, August 11

London magistrate rules that the preliminary hearing of a case, in which Mr. G. F. Podola is charged with the murder of a detective-sergeant on July 13, shall be held in closed court

Income tax in Australia is cut by 1s. in the £



A royal family group taken at Windsor earlier this year. It was announced on August 7, five days after Her Majesty's return from Canada, that the Queen is expecting a third child in the new year and will be undertaking no further public engagements. The Prince of Wales will be eleven in November and Princess Anne nine on Saturday

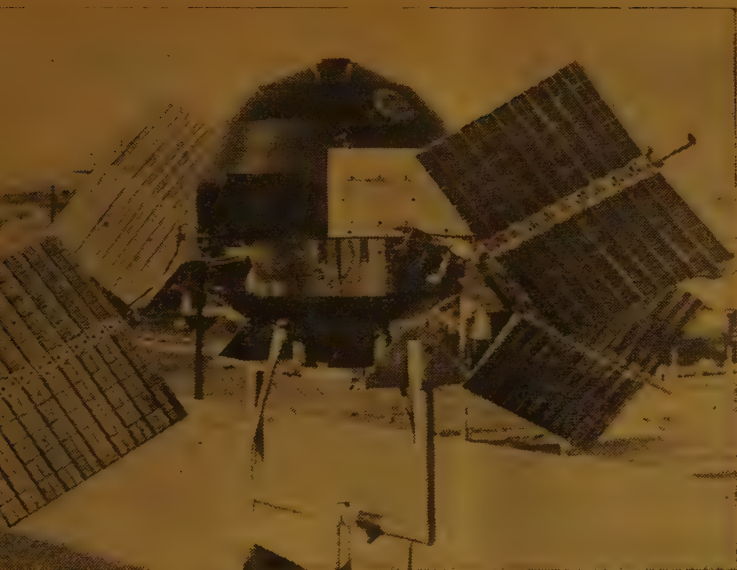


Allan Chappelow

Dr. John Ireland, the British composer, who celebrates his eightieth birthday today

Right: a procession of Bards at the National Eisteddfod of Wales held last week at Caernarvon Castle. The rare distinction of winning the Bardic Chair two years in succession was achieved by Mr. T. Jewell Jones, a schoolmaster, with his poem 'The Climber'



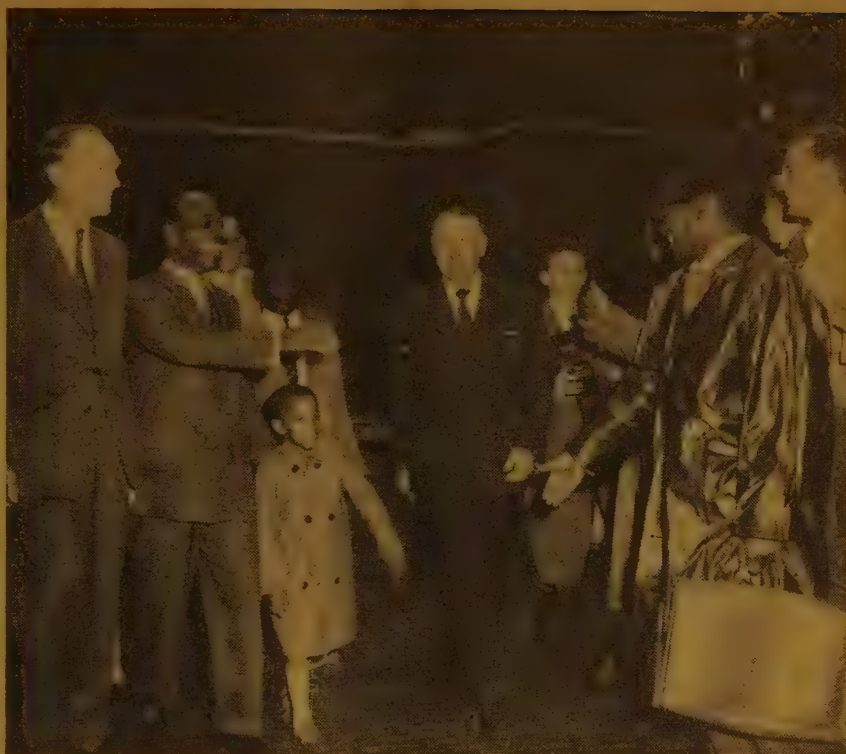


new 'paddlewheel' earth satellite which was launched from Cape Canaveral on August 7 and has gone successfully into orbit. The four 'paddles' recharge the satellite's batteries by converting sunlight into electricity



J. Allan Cash

by the National Parks Commission declaring 400 square miles of Dorset as 'an area of outstanding natural beauty' was confirmed last week by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. This photograph shows part of the swannery at Abbotsbury which is included in the area



Dr. Nkrumah (second from left), Prime Minister of Ghana, being greeted by fellow-countrymen as he left 10 Downing Street after lunching with Mr. Macmillan on August 10. On the extreme left is Lord Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. The following day Dr. Nkrumah flew to Balmoral to be the guest of the Queen for two days, and to discuss the possibility of Her Majesty carrying out at a later date her postponed visit to Ghana



A photograph showing some of the renovated stonework of Canterbury Cathedral: visitors entering through the restored south porch

Left: the 'Gorch Fock', the West German navy's new training ship, photographed last week on her maiden voyage from Kiel to Santa Cruz. The ship replaces the 'Pamir' which was lost in a gale in 1957

On Not Answering the Telephone

By WILLIAM PLOMER

IF, at the end of a conversation, somebody says to me, 'As soon as I know, I'll ring you up', he is taking too much for granted. He is proposing to attempt the impossible. So I have to say, 'I'm afraid you can't. You see, I'm not on the telephone. I just haven't got a telephone'.

Reactions to this are various. Some people say: 'Oh, but you must have a telephone!' as if they thought I had mislaid it somewhere, or forgotten about it. Some people say: 'How terribly inconvenient! How can you do without a telephone?' And some say: 'Oh, you wise man, how I envy you!' But the usual reaction is astonishment, and although I regard myself as a quiet, conventional sort of character, I find myself being stared at as a wild or wilful eccentric, especially when somebody says: 'Well, if I can't ring you up, perhaps you'll ring me up', and I reply, 'Perhaps; but I'm more likely to write to you'.

Time-waster

Why don't I have a telephone? Not because I pretend to be wise or pose as unusual. There are two chief reasons: because I don't really like the telephone, and because I find I can still work and play, eat, breathe and sleep without it. Why don't I like the telephone? Because I think it is a pest and a time-waster. It may create unnecessary suspense and anxiety, as when you wait for an expected call that doesn't come; or irritating delay, as when you keep ringing a number that is always engaged. As for speaking in a public telephone box, that seems to me really horrible. You would not use it unless you were in a hurry, and because you are in a hurry you will find other people waiting before you. When you do get into the box, you are half asphyxiated by stale, unventilated air, flavoured with cheap face-powder and chain-smoking; and by the time you have begun your conversation your back is chilled by the cold looks of somebody who is fidgeting to take your place.

If you have a telephone in your own house, you will admit that it tends to ring when you least want it to ring—when you are asleep, or in the middle of a meal or a conversation, or when you are just going out, or when you are in your bath. Are you strong-minded enough to ignore it, to say to yourself, 'Ah, well, it will all be the same in a hundred years' time'? You are not. You think there may be some important news or message for you. Have you never rushed dripping from the bath, or chewing from the table, or dazed from the bed, only to be told that you are a wrong number? You were told the truth. In my opinion all telephone numbers are wrong numbers. If, of course, your telephone rings and you decide not to answer it, then you will have to listen to an idiotic bell ringing and ringing in what is supposed to be the privacy of your own home. You might as well buy a bicycle bell and ring it yourself.

Suppose you ignore the telephone when it rings, and suppose that, for once, somebody has

an important message for you. I can assure you that if a message is really important it will reach you sooner or later. Think of the proverb: 'Ill news travels apace'. I must say good news seems to travel just as fast. And think of the saying: 'The truth will out'. It will. But suppose you answer the telephone when it rings. If, when you take off the receiver, you say 'Hullo!' just think how absurd that is. Why, you might be saying 'Hullo!' to a total stranger,



a thing you would certainly think twice about before doing in public, if you were English.

But perhaps, when you take off the receiver, you give your number or your name. But you don't even know whom you are giving it to! Perhaps you have been indiscreet enough to have your name and number printed in the telephone directory, a book with a large circulation, a successful book so often reprinted as to make any author envious, a book more in evidence than Shakespeare or the Bible, and found in all sorts of private and public places. By your self-advertisement you have enabled any stranger, bore, intruder, or criminal to engage you in conversation at a moment's notice in what ought to be the privacy of your own home. It serves you right if you find it impossible to escape from some idle or inquisitive chatterbox, or from somebody who wants something for nothing, or from some reporter bent on questioning you about your own affairs or about the private life of some friend who has just eloped or met with a fatal accident.

But, you will say, you need not have your name printed in the telephone directory, and you can

have a telephone which is only usable for outgoing calls. Besides, you will say, isn't it important to have a telephone in case of sudden emergency—illness, accident, or fire? Of course you are right, but here in a thickly populated country like England one is seldom far from a telephone in case of dreadful necessity. All the same, I felt an instant sympathy with a well-known actor whom I heard on the radio the other day. He was asked: 'Suppose you were left alone to live on a desert island, and you were allowed to take just one luxury with you, what would you choose?' 'I would take a telephone', he said, 'and I would push the wire into the sand, and my greatest pleasure would be to sit and look at it, and to think "It will never ring, and I shall never have to answer it"'.

If, like me, one is without a telephone, somebody is sure to say, 'Oh, but don't you find you have to write an awful lot of letters?' The answer to that, is 'Yes, but I should have to write an awful lot of letters anyway'. This may bring the remark, 'Ah well, if you don't have a telephone, at least you must have a typewriter'. And the answer to that is 'No'.

'What, no telephone and no typewriter! Do please explain why'. Well, I am a professional man of letters, and when I was younger I thought a typewriter would be convenient. I even thought it was necessary, and that editors and publishers would expect anything sent to them to be typewritten. So I bought a typewriter and taught myself to type, and for some years I typed away busily. But I did not enjoy typing. I happen to enjoy the act of writing. I enjoy forming letters or words with a pen, and I never could enjoy tapping the keys of a typewriter. There again, there was a bell—only a little bell that rang at the end of each line—but still, a bell. And the fact is, I am not mechanically minded, and the typewriter is a machine. I have never been really drawn to machines. I don't like oiling, cleaning, or mending them. I do not enjoy making them work. To control them gives me no sense of power—or not of the kind of power that I find interesting. And machines do not like me. When I touch them they tend to break down, get jammed, catch fire, or blow up.

The Boring Motor-car

As with telephones and typewriters, so with cars. I obtained my first driving licence in South Africa at the age of seventeen, having been taught to drive in the rush hours in the middle of the busy city of Johannesburg. I needed the car for use in another part of Africa where in those days there was hardly any motor traffic. The actual process of driving soon became automatic, and my sole idea was to get from one place to another as soon as possible. I therefore drove fast, and within a week or two the speedometer was broken. I never had it mended. I was not a reckless driver. I did not lose control of the car, even on rocky or sandy tracks or driving with chains through deep mud.

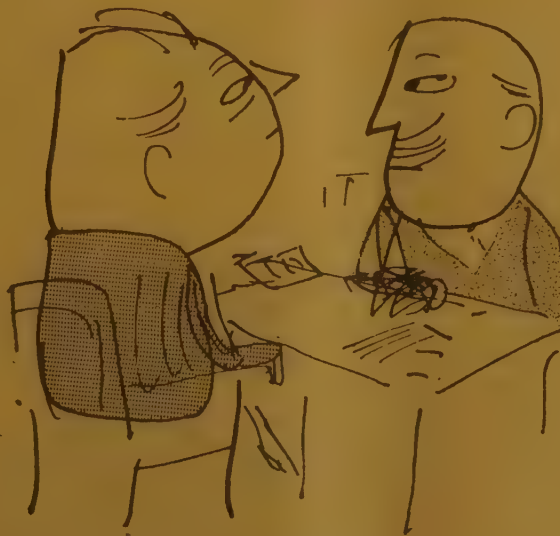
What's the big idea?

I.C.I.? It can't possibly work —
far too unwieldy
for a few men sitting in London
to manage efficiently.



But I.C.I. doesn't work that way at all.
We've 13 operating Divisions up and down the
country, each with its own Board of Directors.
The Divisions are pretty well masters of their own
affairs and — believe me! — not afraid of a little
healthy competition among themselves.

Then why not divide up the business completely?



Because in I.C.I.'s kind of bigness
lies its strength — that's the idea.
The I.C.I. set-up avoids overlapping in research,
streamlines administration, integrates buying.
And it enables the Company to direct and concentrate
its energies into the most appropriate fields.

The things they say!



I never killed or injured anybody. But I was bored, and if circumstances had allowed I should have preferred to walk. Nowadays, living in an overcrowded country where traffic is continually on the increase and often congested, and where driving is controlled by a great many rules and regulations, I feel no temptation whatever to drive a car.

But, you may say, am I not aware that we are living in a machine age? Am I trying to put the clock back? Am I an escapist, a crank, or a simple-lifer? Not at all. It is a matter of preference, not principle, that I choose, as far as possible, to do without these things—a telephone, a typewriter, and a car. If other people are willing—and they seem entirely willing and even eager—to make and use

machines for my benefit, I am not less willing to let them do so. I am perfectly ready to pay to be driven about in trains, cars, or aircraft, to take lifts instead of walking upstairs, and to use moving staircases instead of unmoving ones. But I do not wish to be dominated by machines. I do not want to oil them, mend them, or clean them. I do not want to feed a typewriter with sheets of paper, to lose the use of my legs by travelling always by car, or to be summoned, with or without warning, by the telephone.

Is there any conclusion to be drawn from my obstinacy and wilfulness, my escapism, if you like to call it that? I think perhaps I had better try to justify myself by trying to prove that what I like is good. At least I have proved to

myself that what many people think necessary is not necessary at all. I admit that in different circumstances—if I were a tycoon, for instance, or bedridden—I might find a telephone essential. But then if I were a secretary or a taxi-man I should find a typewriter or a car essential. Let me put it another way: there are two things for which the English seem to show particular aptitude: one is mechanical invention, the other is literature. My own business happens to be with the use of words—but I see I must now stop using them. I have just been handed a slip of paper to say that somebody is waiting to speak to me on the telephone. I think I had better answer it. After all, one never knows, it may be something important.

—General Overseas Service

Tennyson: Poet and Laureate

By MICHAEL MILLGATE

WHEN my grandmother was a girl she used to stay near Farringford in the Isle of Wight, Tennyson's principal home in his later years, and often saw the poet, a tall, sombre figure in black cloak and sombrero, come striding though the great avenue of elms that still runs westward from the house. She used to deliver the poet's milk, but that seems not to have prevented her from being terrified of him. My other family association with Tennyson is of roughly the same order of intimacy: my paternal grandfather, a babe in arms, was kissed by Garibaldi when he came to Farringford in 1864 to plant a tree on the front lawn.

I mention these incidents, unimportant themselves, simply to suggest that in celebrating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Tennyson's birth we should not be led into thinking him further away from us than he really is. Tennyson was born on August 6, 1809, a few weeks before the fourteenth birthday of John Keats. Had Tennyson died young, we would now think of him as one of the minor Romantics. But in fact he lived on almost to span the century, dying at last—still, we are told, in full possession of his faculties, his Shakespeare in his hand—at the age of eighty-four. This was in 1892, when W. B. Yeats was already twenty-seven and T. S. Eliot was a child of four. There are people alive today who remember Tennyson in his old age. We have many photographs of him, above all the magnificent studies by his friend Julia Cameron. We even have, incredibly, a recording of his great voice thundering out the rhythms of what is just discernible as 'The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava' in a bardic chant remarkably similar to that of Yeats.

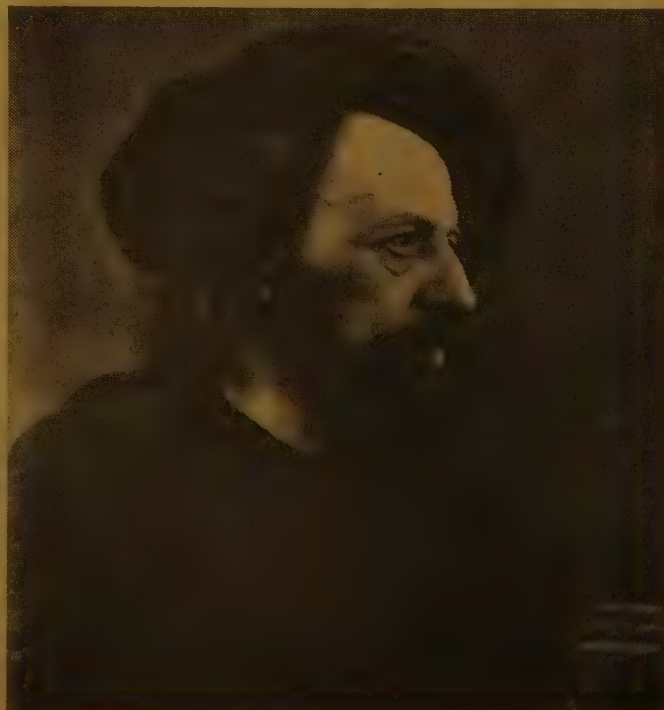
But it is Tennyson's early years that I want to discuss first of all. He was born, and spent his childhood, in the rectory at Somersby, in a part of the Lincolnshire countryside which has been represented by certain of Tennyson's

biographers as being far more desolate than it really is. They seem to think of it in terms of the 'glooming flats' which Mariana saw out of the window of the moated grange. In fact Tennyson had the good fortune to be born in one of the few areas of Lincolnshire which can justly be described as 'pretty' in accordance with the rather cosy English notion of what countryside should look like. It is certainly isolated, but it is a charming place of copses and narrow lanes, protected by the Lincolnshire wolds from the worst excesses of the easterly gales. And Tennyson loved it: he calls it his 'sweet birth-place', the 'home of my delight'. The attic where he writes his early verse becomes his 'darling room'.

About three years ago I went inside Somersby rectory for the first time. It is now a private house and scarcely a trace of the Tennysons

remains—except for the pathetic 'hall', so called, which Tennyson's father and the family gardener tried to 'gothicize' and which, when I saw it, had become, by an interesting modern extension of the squirarchical tradition, a 'television room', with a television set round which the villagers gathered on appointed nights. I asked the way to Alfred's 'darling attic', only to be told that there was nothing up there but a water tank. Outside, however, the garden was delightful and still much as it must have been in Tennyson's day: an atmosphere was still there to be caught. The question that must dominate the mind of any visitor to Somersby is how that family of twelve enormous children—almost all the boys six feet tall or more—was ever crammed into that tiny house along with their parents and the family servants. Such intimacy brought great happiness at times; at others it must have done much to encourage inborn tendencies to morbidity and depression.

Such tendencies certainly existed. The Tennysons were an extremely handsome family—Alfred himself was to the end a magnificent figure of a man—but they were undoubtedly an odd family. The poet's grandfather, who lived in the enormous and still-visible Gothic 'folly' of Bayons Manor, was a rich crank who for no apparent reason disinherited his eldest son in favour of a younger brother. The eldest son was the poet's father, who instead of inheriting wealth became a poor clergyman with a grudge. The grudge later became an obsession and led to alcoholism. All the rector's seven sons were eccentric in one way or another. Charles took to opium and Arthur to drink, while Septimus was just odd. Sir Charles Tennyson, in that admirable biography to which all students of Tennyson must be indebted, records a story of Septimus rising from a recumbent position on the hearth-rug to greet an astonished visitor with the words: 'I am Septimus, the most morbid of the Tennysons'. The strong,



Lord Tennyson in 1865: a photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron

dark strain of morbidity in Alfred's own work and personality seems part of a family pattern.

Alfred, who had returned to Somersby after his years as an undergraduate at Cambridge, left there permanently with the rest of the family in 1837. At this time he was almost completely unknown. The few notices his first two volumes had received were almost unanimously unfavourable. Sixteen years later, in 1853, Tennyson moved into Farringford. By then he was successful and famous, his *annus mirabilis* of 1850 already three years behind him. In that year he had published 'In Memoriam', the tribute of his grief for Arthur Hallam; he had married Emily Sellwood, after an engagement that had lasted, on and off, for twelve years; and he had been made Poet Laureate.

Farringford is a grey, low, late-Georgian building, with 'gothic' embellishments, standing in a pleasant valley near the western tip of the Isle of Wight. The Tennysons went to live there because of its seclusion and its warm climate. Certain critics, indeed, have seen in Somersby and Farringford, with their differing climates, symbols of the contrast between Tennyson's earlier and later poetry: they say that the early poetry is robust, as befitting Lincolnshire, the late poetry effete, as befitting the more southerly Isle of Wight.

It is easy to make too much of this. Farringford, after all, is not Fez, nor even Florence. Of far greater importance were Tennyson's increasing age, affluence, fame, and respectability, and above all the close, coddling, intimate life that Emily so skilfully built up around her husband. She herself kept in the background as much as possible, but she ran everything: household, children, correspondence, business, entertainment—and, in the subtlest possible way, Alfred himself. Every load that could be lifted from Alfred's shoulders she gladly took on to her own, anxious that the poet should have the freedom to be nothing but a poet, the opportunity to exercise his gifts to the full. Alfred's principal annoyances, in fact, came to be the occasional inconveniences of fame—the pestering literary pilgrims, the inquisitive tourists who peered in over the garden fence or popped out from behind bushes when he took his walks on the downs. He seems to have had no desire for personal publicity and he certainly hated being regarded as one of the 'sights' of England that simply had to be seen by visiting tourists.

On the other hand he could hardly exist without admiration. He needed desperately the approval of his family, his friends, and his fellow-writers. He was deeply hurt by adverse criticism, and one of Emily's self-imposed tasks was to prevent his catching sight of unfavourable reviews. In his later years he was per-



Tennyson's birthplace, the rectory at Somersby, Lincolnshire, as it is today

Reece Winstone

petually surrounded, one might almost say engulfed, by admiration, approval, flattery, scarcely allowed to catch a discordant note in the great chorus of adulation. He seems to have remained, despite all this, self-doubting to the end; he certainly suspected that his fame would not last.

It remains true, however, that Tennyson, who was generally regarded as a kind of national hero and national oracle, a man of great wisdom and of almost prophetic vision, led in fact an extremely narrow, sheltered, and 'managed' life, and was rarely brought into contact with those trivia of human intercourse and daily living that we think of as constituting 'reality'.

It is a remarkable picture, and a sad one. Emily set Alfred free, but in a kind of vacuum. 'To be sure, I've nothing to say', he once declared in what must be one of the most pathetic sentences in all literary biography. Emily is not in the least a sinister figure, and no more than the Farringford climate can she alone be blamed for the comparative failure of most of the later poetry: there seems little doubt, however, that in seeking to defend her husband's sensitivities she innocently abetted the defeat of his genius.

Tennyson at the height of his fame enjoyed a popularity such as no other English poet has enjoyed in his lifetime: such perhaps as no other poet has ever enjoyed. He was not merely the Poet Laureate, he was *the* poet. Such a reputation did not, could not, last. Tennyson himself seems to have foreseen this. 'Modern fame is nothing', he is reported to have said to William Barnes, the Dorsetshire dialect poet. 'I would rather have an acre of land. I shall go down, down. I am up now. Action and reaction'. And so, of course, it was.

The reaction began even before Tennyson's death. By 1892 his pre-eminence had been considerably modified by the popularity of Swinburne and other younger poets. After 1892 the reaction became strong and obvious, though it was rather against Tennyson the representative

Victorian than against Tennyson the poet. It may be artificial to separate form and content in this way, yet Tennyson was still a living influence for the Georgian poets—who saw him primarily as a 'nature poet'—even while his reputation was being involved in that general debunking of the nineteenth century which culminated in Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*. The last time I visited Farringford, the famous summerhouse below the down in which Tennyson wrote much of his later work had fallen, and the woodwork the poet himself had painted was being washed by spring rains. It seemed an apt symbol of a collapsed reputation.

Yet was it so apt after all? As I said at the beginning of this talk, in looking back over 150

years to the day of Tennyson's birth we must not forget that his death was an event within the memory of many people now living. Only now, perhaps, as the debunkers of Victorianism are themselves debunked, are we beginning to see Tennyson in proper perspective. One side of him we still cannot take seriously. It is hard to believe that any future generation will be able to think of Tennyson as his contemporaries thought of him, as he seems to have thought, or to have wanted to think, of himself—as a great thinker, as seer and sage. The prophet's mantle he so coveted will surely be for ever denied him.

But while it may be easy to dismiss Tennyson as a thinker it has never been possible to dismiss him as a poet. Whatever the fluctuations of his standing in critical and academic circles his poems have always had a steady sale and he has never ceased to be widely read, quoted, and admired. For the modern poet Tennyson is still not a contemporary, a living force; but since the war critical appreciation of his work has been slowly but steadily growing, and it should soon be possible to see more clearly Tennyson's proper place among the English poets. It is not, I think, one of the very greatest places, but it is unquestionably a high one.

—North of England Home Service

A Psychological Study of Typography, by Sir Cyril Burt (Cambridge University Press, 15s.), describes the result of an investigation which arose out of a discussion on the printing of books and periodicals, particularly of the journals published by the British Psychological Society. Consideration is given to the factors that influence legibility, but it is emphasized that most readers prefer matter set up in the style and size to which they are habituated. There is a lucid and forthright introduction by Stanley Morison.

Autobiographical Literature and Educational Thought is the title of William Walsh's inaugural lecture as Professor of Education at Leeds (Leeds University Press, 2s. 6d.).

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Bridges Over the Kwai

Sir,—I feel compelled to write in support of Mr. Ian Watt's impressions of the Japanese (THE LISTENER, August 6), and furthermore, to express my pleasure on reading (in the same number) the talk on Japan by Mr. Tibor Mende.

The Japanese are a strange and fascinating people. We of the West hear so little about their way of life—made more complex, it would seem, by the impact of enforced westernization. To be able to read two separate talks on Japan by two brilliant writers was most refreshing and, to me at least, a little provocative.

Both Mr. Watt and Mr. Mende produce an academic review of Nippon. In view of the fact that my education terminated at the age of fourteen and from that time I have worked in various factories for a living, I am handicapped. I can speak simply in the language of working men and as one who just served in the ranks. While agreeing with the two writers, I confess to some surprise at the tendency to 'pull the punches' when dealing with the Japanese behaviour towards allied prisoners in the last war. I admit being rather ignorant on the exigencies of politics and present-day international affairs, but surely if Western diplomacy is busy building up a Japanese bulwark against a possible Russian attack, then I think that the peoples of the West should be told, for psychological reasons, that our new friends (the Japanese) are proven ruthless fighters and fanatical allies.

I was captured at Singapore in February, 1942. For three and a half terrible years my comrades and I wandered through Malaya, Thailand, and Saigon building airfields, roads through virgin jungle, military installations, and a railway—yes, the infamous Railway of Death. I am a survivor of the real Kwai bridge and other projects. The thousands of men who lie in jungle graves today were certainly murdered by our hosts. They were deprived of food, medicine, and clothes, and were forced to become white coolies under a tropical sun in order to help in feeding the insatiable war-machine of Japan.

The Imperial Japanese Army lost face by defeat in 1945. They are not likely to forget it. I have studied them closely, and I would end with this warning: the Samurai class of Japan, like the Junkers of Prussia, will strike again when the time is opportune for them to attempt it. They are loyal and fanatical. They both believe that they are members of a super race, and in spite of smiles and bows—and promises—they will yet 'have another go'.—Yours, etc.,
Glasgow, S.2
JACK CAPLAN

Sir,—With reference to the talk published in THE LISTENER of August 6, you may like to know that in the Journal and Transactions of The Society of Engineers Vol. XLIX No. 4, Oct.-Dec. 1958, there appeared a paper on the

construction of the Kwai bridge of the film, from which one can see, in the acknowledgment at the end of the paper, that the design for it was carried out by Messrs. Husband & Co. The work was not wholly that of the Ceylon Army Engineers as was suggested by the caption to the illustration at the heading of your talk.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

A. R. COOK

Secretary, The Society of Engineers

Immorality and Treason

Sir,—It would be interesting if your correspondent Mr. Frank Stone (THE LISTENER, August 6) would give the evidence for his statement 'Is that fact [male homosexuality] dangerous to the State? History says "Yes"'. I presume that Mr. Stone means that states which have had severely punitive laws against male homosexuality have been more prosperous, or more victorious, or have survived longer than those states which have treated it on the same level as other sexual irregularities; but I cannot see where such evidence can be found. The great civilizations of Asia have survived longer than any others of which we have record, and have for most of their histories been prosperous and victorious; there are very few instances when their laws have singled out male homosexuality for special punishment. Rome certainly fell before Byzantium; but I do not think much can be argued from this. In recent centuries I believe that some European statesmen have been blackmailed into treachery by the threat of exposing their homosexuality; but surely this suggests that it is the punitive laws, which made the statesmen susceptible to blackmail, that were dangerous to the state.

There is, of course, no evidence that sexual irregularities of any sort occur less frequently on account of the presence on the statute books of severe penalties against such irregularities.

Yours, etc.,

Haywards Heath

GEOFFREY GORER

Dangerous Driving

Sir,—'A Magistrate', in his talk published in THE LISTENER, August 6, makes a number of statements which should not be allowed to pass unchallenged or unqualified. The general tenor of his views is in contrast to those expressed so widely in the House of Lords recently when magistrates generally were criticized for not making adequate and deterrent use of their powers under the Road Traffic Acts.

He says that there were fewer fatal accidents in 1957 than in any of the ten years before the war and that, although the number of accidents is shocking, the evidence suggests that people are driving better than they did. Several factors have contributed to a reduction in the number of fatalities. Advances in surgical treatment of casualties and the speed with which it is made available have saved many lives. Another point is that the basis of the statistics has been altered,

with the effect of reducing the number of persons classified as killed. Nevertheless the number of killed has risen over recent years, while the number of those seriously injured is now over 30 per cent. higher than the pre-war level.

People are driving faster than they did, but I think most who have experience on the roads would not share 'A Magistrate's' view that they are driving better.

The demand for automatic disqualification has developed because magistrates have not used adequately the powers to disqualify they already possess. The remedy lies with magistrates themselves.

I agree with 'A Magistrate' that some danger spots can be made safer by physical measures. On the other hand better roads are frequently understood to mean faster roads and these in turn can bring more accidents. Drivers must not be encouraged to blame the roads. They have to adjust their driving to the conditions as they find them. Unless they do this there will never be safety on the roads. It is the duty of magistrates to support the police in dealing effectively with those who will not obey.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

T. C. FOLEY

Secretary, The Pedestrians' Association for Road Safety

I Served a Maharaja

Sir,—Sir Conrad Corfield's talk (THE LISTENER, August 6) surely illustrates the difference of attitude of an Englishman at home and abroad? Taking Sir Conrad's estimation of his Maharaja, we have a picture of a despotic ruler who cared more for his idle pleasures than for his people, some of whom were 'practically slaves', others 'overtaxed', without 'influence' and having 'no security'.

Yet Sir Conrad—and in this he may be typically English—conceived it his duty to maintain and bolster up the power of this tyrant. Agitators (that is citizens who wanted better government, and looked likely to win their point) were rounded up and interned. No mention of trial, and the evidence seemed to be based on information from a spy. Public meetings were broken up with a show of force. Any semblance of democratic rights having been crushed, Sir Conrad applied himself to settling the 'rights of the nobles', but even this appeared too liberal for our Maharaja who, having found his troublesome citizens so fortunately behind barbed wire, now lost his taste for reform. By trick, Sir Conrad was sent away, and the end of the story is that the Maharaja, some ten years later, is deposed, the new rulers possibly being some of the gentlemen that Sir Conrad had imprisoned.

Which side, one wonders, would Sir Conrad have been on during the King *versus* Parliament struggles?

After reading this most interesting talk I am sure that we all have a much better insight into the central African troubles.—Yours, etc.,

Lower Kingswood

L. C. McCLEAN

The Marc Chagall Exhibition in Paris

By ANDREW FORGE

IN the exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, there are several rooms of pictures painted before Chagall first went to Paris. One does not often see these early pictures and they are worth looking at closely. The best among them are scenes from life at home in Vitebsk: a wedding, a funeral, an interior on the Sabbath, and so on. They are simply painted, the forms rather clumsy and blurred, the general design half-way between a naturalistic illustration and something more hieratic, more primitive. The points of emphasis in the composition are the gestures and expressions. These, although they hold our attention, are not particularly eloquent. Just as a photograph of a man saying 'Hush!' might be taken for one of a man saying 'Ouch!', so these figures glare or muse in a completely ambiguous way.

Alongside these scenes of provincial life there are more sophisticated studies. A nude painted in 1908 shows what might be taken for Fauve influence. The catalogue denies this, but it also states elsewhere that Chagall was at this time in touch with Leon Bakst who showed Van Gogh and Gauguin to him, and it seems therefore that Chagall drew similar conclusions from Van Gogh and Gauguin as the Fauves had. The drawing of the figure is orthodox *art nouveau*; what is most revealing is its colour, which is crimson lake modelled with white. This excessive colour is isolated, as though the model had been dipped in cochineal before being painted.

This way of using colour, the opposite I need hardly say of pictorial colour, is later practised consistently by Chagall: lovers, cows, cocks, they are all dipped in their baths of blue-green or purple, unyielding, unassimilated islands of dye which, as one looks at them, have nothing to offer but a sort of aggressive, pinching prettiness. I suppose it could be argued that this view of colour derives from folk art or some Byzantine source, but I can think of no source of this kind which is at the same time so unharmonized and so self-conscious. One is reminded more of the shock-language of the *avant-garde* Russian poets of the time where colour is used like a hammer; Mayakovsky's *Cloud with Blue Trousers*, or Oreshin's *Not Made by Human Hands*:

Protruding ears/tufted red/flap/like donkey ears/
across the heavens/

Two cataclysmic eyes/two/oceans scooped inside
me/and matted/sprouting lashes/greenburning/
on my cheekbones/.

At any rate, the more one looks at it the more one is convinced that Chagall's colour is entirely alien to Western painting. It is the same with his form. As soon as he turns up in Paris his pictures begin to include cubists features, the edges of roofs are produced into the sky, perspectives are tip-titled, and so on; and after

1911, when he became friendly with Delaunay, he begins to place his figures among arbitrary arcs of colour which are like caricatures of *Orphist* forms. These are no more than signs of Parisian influence, which are neglected as soon as he returns to Russia in 1914 and are of no more consequence formally than the bare



'Bonjour Paris' (1939-1942), by Marc Chagall: from the exhibition of his work now at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs

rectangles which embellish certain canvases of 1917 and are his passing tribute to suprematism. The fact is that Chagall does not at any point seem to have grasped that painting is to do with definition; consequently whatever style he picks up remains unbroached in his hands, unused. His sense of form is adolescent; and his shapes and the intervals between them are as repetitive and dreamily unfounded as any fifteen-year-old's.

Very well—he is a dreamy painter; not my own cup of tea, but something, for all that. For Burne-Jones a picture was 'a beautiful, romantic dream, something that never was, never will be . . . in a land no one can define or remember—only desire'. And it is according to this definition that Chagall is often defended. However, the fact is that all painters who have convinced us with their dreams, Giorgione, Claude, Goya, Le Douanier Rousseau, Bonnard, Klee, have started by convincing us with their forms, by giving us an entry into their world of forms, their light, their tonality.

This Chagall does not do. His pictures resist the eye (the Tate picture which is in Paris at the moment is an outstanding exception), they repel it with a harsh surface. His vaguer areas break down into dabs of paint which in itself has no magic, and one reads his surfaces merely as signs. Nothing moves or breathes, nothing is real; and if one is mentioning dreams one must admit that it is their quality, their peculiar realness, that makes them what they are. Dreams? I do not believe that anyone who has used the word about Chagall can have ever dreamed in his life.

We are left, then, with illustrations. What about the pictures as illustrations? They are primarily illustrations of nostalgia for the provincial Russia of his childhood and later for the Paris of his youth. Cows, lovers, fiddlers, cocks, young poets like old-fashioned *matinée* idols—these provide his simple cast. How much they and the incidents they act out derive from folklore I do not know. Chagall denies it. In any case, the symbolic content of his scenes is astonishingly repetitive and slack and obvious. Compared with Picasso's Minotaur works of the mid-thirties, for example, the most crowded composition by Chagall is not about anything at all.

There is, however, a certain characteristic note that they strike, an expression, which is worth commenting on. This I can only describe as a sort of smirk. After about 1925, every face, whether it is a beast's or a human's, carries an expression of calculated innocence. His lovers with their eyes cast to the ground, his goats sweetly playing, they all have it. It is the expression of a gypsy violinist in an expensive restaurant. One feels that the pictures would like to bend over one.

Looking back over his work since 1920 one begins to see just what Chagall's secret has been. It is that he has been able to put forward a manner of painting which was highly characteristic, in a way inimitable, and at the same time an easily acceptable and painless version of the School of Paris. It was exotic as modern art was meant to be; it was brightly, discordantly coloured, it was topsy-turvy. In addition it was filled with irresistible images of art, poetry, and pleasure. Finally, much of it was concerned with a nostalgia for Frenchness—the Eiffel Tower and Notre Dame are the cruder signs for an attitude which is present in almost all his work, something towards which the sponsors of the Ecole de Paris could hardly be indifferent, the highbrow equivalent of one of Yves Montand's more sugary evocations of Paris.

In 1923, while he was still in Russia, Chagall received the following telegram from Paris (its author was Blaise Cendrars): '*Reviens, tu es célèbre, et Vollard t'attend!*' Over the years it cannot be said that Chagall failed this clarion.

—'Comment' (Third Programme)

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IT has been a common practice of modern painters to elevate some doodle or whimsy into a monumental design executed with great professional skill; and to ask whether this is really worth doing is apt to be considered an impertinence. But when the same thing is done in sculpture, as it is in much of Kenneth Armitage's work which is being shown at the Whitechapel Art Gallery—these are the sculptures and drawings which the British Council sent to the Venice Biennale in 1958—one can hardly help being struck by the contrast between the concept and the massive forms in which it is embodied. 'It is quite proper', we are told in the introduction to the catalogue, 'to want to smile' when in front of these works, and, of course, it is nice of the authorities to allow us this moment of relaxation. But when the thing is nine feet long, like 'Triarchy', which is meant to be cast in bronze but is here shown in plaster, our amusement may all too quickly be succeeded by a state of stupefaction.

The three cup-shaped heads of this group stand up from a huge and flattened slab and perhaps it may be thought that they have rather comical expressions on their faces. Five protuberances serve as breasts, so no doubt it is a matriachal triarchy, though one may doubt if the implications of this have been carefully considered; three rods serve as arms, and five rods shaped like an inverted L are obviously the legs of seated figures. The whole is a simplification, appropriate to the scale, of Armitage's favourite device, a shape which is based on that of a folding screen but with various protuberances and, to a greater or less extent, the expression and gestures of human figures. Under the jutting out legs of the main group, and easily overlooked, there is a minute group of much the same character; would this be the subjects of the triarchs?

This idea of Siamese triplets not merely joined but fused together might make a sophisticated toy, or Klee might have made an amusing and delicate miniature out of it. It might have appeared in savage or primitive art as one of those extraordinary deformations which are apt to occur after a long tradition of ritual symbolism has been maintained. Or again, Picasso might conceivably have used it in one of his great barbaric inventions. But to take it as the main theme of a whole series of pieces of sculpture, to repeat it with many ingenious and elaborate variations over a considerable term of years—one of the earlier variants here is dated 1951 and the latest 1958-59—does seem a rather extraordinary proceeding.

But although we may be tempted to consider eccentric or even frivolous the mind which could conceive such an employment, there is no doubt that Armitage has been able to use his queer invention for truly sculptural purposes.

There is real vitality in the figures, character and individuality in their gestures and expression, and at the same time the forms have breadth and an ease and amplitude which cannot fail to impress. It may be hard to imagine any-



'Jeannette II', a bronze by Matisse: from the exhibition of modern sculpture at the Hanover Gallery

one having the patience or self-control needed to ponder this same little fancy for years on end, but the discipline, the devotion to a single and highly restricted exercise, has had its effect; after such long practice the performance has a fluent and even athletic perfection.

Not that these figures fused into a screen have been Armitage's only preoccupation. He has for some time also concerned himself with figures reclining in an attitude which so little suggests repose that one feels tempted to set them up on their feet in order to see whether they look more at their ease that way. Here he has been more interested in the solidity of the human figure; he may turn it into a horribly inelegant carcass but he has felt and explored at least one aspect of reality. His art seems positively to depend on some absurdity for stimulus, but at least this

does not prevent it from being recognizable, though with some difficulty, as some kind of art.

The Hanover Gallery has an impressive exhibition of modern sculpture with works by Arp, Giacometti, Maillol, Matisse, Picasso, and some other less eminent artists. Three bronze heads by Matisse, executed in 1910, stand out because they are so evidently in the great French tradition of portraiture; in spite of certain distortions there is the same sharp perception of character, the same refinement of expression, that may be found in the best French portraits of the eighteenth century. The works by Picasso include three fairly recent bronze figures, small but daemonic, and also the grave and restrained 'Tête de Fernande' of 1905, and the charming and subtle 'Nu Agenouillé se Coiffant' of the same year; a drawing for this last figure is also shown. Kemeny's artefacts in metal, though not prepossessing, may attract attention as being a translation of action painting into sculpture. Marini's 'Harlequin', with traces of colour on the bronze to suggest the harlequin's costume, has a classical restraint which in no way detracts from its vitality.

The Waddington Galleries have a summer exhibition which includes a Rouault, an attractive Metzinger, two interesting works by Jankel Adler, a still life by Henri Hayden, an arresting composition by Soulages, and a lively water-colour of a bird by Elizabeth Frink.

To visit the exhibition 'Britain in Water-Colours' at the R.W.S. Galleries is to turn aside into a placid world of picturesque scenes as observed by minds which want nothing less than to be jolted by the unfamiliar. It is all much like a distant memory of summer holidays with the rainy days and the refuse of the picnickers left out; after some hours among the strenuous intricacies of modern art it is startling, but really not at all distressing, to find that all this is still going on, that the same mild ingenuities of technique are still being studied

with a view to the embellishment of the same green, sometimes with a touch of Payne's grey, fields.

Among recent books on art and architecture the following may be mentioned: *The Story of Modern Art*, by Sheldon Cheney (Methuen, £2 5s.); *The Arts in Canada*, edited by Malcolm Ross (Macmillan, £3); *The Penrose Annual 53*, edited by Allan Delafons (Lund Humphries, 42s.); *Pottery through the Ages*, by George Savage (Pelican Books, 7s. 6d.); *The Philosophy of Art History*, by Arnold Hauser (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 35s.); *The Functional Tradition in Early Industrial Buildings*, by J. M. Richards (Architectural Press, 36s.); *Concrete: the Vision of a New Architecture*, by Peter Collins (Faber, £3 3s.); *Gothic Europe*, edited by Harald Busch and Bernd Lohse (Batsford, 42s.); and *Turkish Islamic Architecture: Seljuk to Ottoman*, by Behçet Ünsal (Tiranti, 30s.).

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Lollards and Protestants in the Diocese of York, 1509-1558. By A. G. Dickens. Oxford. 30s.

Reviewed by A. L. ROWSE

THIS IS THE MOST important and illuminating book to come out on how the Reformation came about and how it affected Tudor society for a good many years. And it is almost equally valuable for what it tells us and for the method it exemplifies. Subjects like the Henrician Reformation, the rise of the gentry, the causes of the Civil War, have been far too much in the hands of thesis-mongers, let alone sectarians religious and political; and it is a question whether they have not generated more dust than light by their controversies.

The proper, and far more fruitful, method is to get down to what really happened in different parts of the country, and build up the picture from that. This is Professor Dickens's conscious aim: 'the present writer wants to shun the well-worn themes of high policy and central government, of monarchs, parliaments, statesmen, and theologians. Instead he will take a large area of mid-Tudor England and try to observe, with as many concrete examples as possible, how the Reformation made its initial impacts upon a regional society'. In this he has triumphantly succeeded, and there is hardly an aspect of the subject he has not illuminated, often with a corrective light.

For all historians, myself included, have erred in thinking of the North too simply as 'backward', 'feudal', 'reactionary'. Professor Dickens, who knows it so well, brings out its diversity: there were already diversified industries, its agriculture included some of the richest as well as the poorest lands, there were progressive as well as backward areas. Nor must we think of the North as 'a hotbed of Catholic sedition throughout the Tudor period'. Indeed he brings to light remarkable evidences of Lollard survival, the spread of traditional heresy from the old centres among working folk, especially among cloth-workers with their greater mobility; the infiltration of newer forms of Protestant doctrine through the ports by merchants and gentry going up to attend the Inns of Court in London, the immense influence of the new printed books, especially of Tyndale's New Testament, in linking up the various vernacular movements; the coming together of all these with an intense anti-clericalism and the necessity of reform in a tide that was ultimately to prove irresistible—whether Henry VIII needed a divorce or no. Sir Thomas More, in a moment of illumination, foresaw what it would all come to.

Professor Dickens gives us a fascinating account of that ambivalent, eccentric, yet symptomatic figure, Sir Francis Bigod, who led a subsidiary rising to the Pilgrimage of Grace and yet was a convinced Protestant. It only goes to show how much more complex and subtle events are than people's theories about them. Then, too, an advanced Reformer, Bigod was—like some other Protestants—of very old family; while, on the other side, there were Catholic

Pilgrims who subsequently buttressed their fortunes with monastic lands.

At every point Professor Dickens corrects old prejudices with new information and strong common sense. The abolition of sanctuary was an unmixed and beneficent reform; monks and nuns were not left unprovided for after the Dissolution. It is simply not true that the religious orders were necessarily conservative: friars and monks, like Holgate, Bale, Hooper, Ferrar, were among the leading reformers. Professor Dickens reminds us that they believed in what they were doing, as much as Catholic martyrs: we needed that reminder. The financial loss to education by the dissolution of the chantries has been very much exaggerated and was immensely more than made up by the founding of numerous schools all through the second half of the century. In short, the Reformation was a reform.

Professor Dickens excels in a quality of imagination based strictly upon fact, a certain North Country hard sense: he draws our attention to the mistake of exaggerating religious issues in the hard lives of ordinary folk, burdened with their labours, the life-long struggle to wrest their living from the land, subject to penury and want, disease and plague, every kind of anxiety and insecurity.

This study covers a considerable area of northern England; what we have to wish for is that it may be followed by a number of similar studies of other areas. Then we shall know much more truly what the English Reformation was and what it was like.

The Romance of the Rubaiyat

By A. J. Arberry.

Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Omar Khayyám first saw the light exactly one hundred years ago, in a tiny edition printed at FitzGerald's own expense and moderately priced at one shilling. This however was to prove not moderate enough: and within a few months the remainder were languishing in Quaritch's tray at a penny a-piece—whence they were eventually to be rescued by Swinburne and Rossetti, and the extraordinary Victorian snowball of the poem's fame and fortune was set rolling. As Swinburne himself relates, returning the day after his initial purchase of copies to buy more he found the price already 'raised to the iniquitous and exorbitant sum of twopence'. Forty years later Quaritch was to write to Cowell, FitzGerald's friend and mentor in Persian: 'Have you any spare copy of the first edition? What I sold once for one penny, I am now willing to pay Five Pounds for'. One admires his use of capitals.

Professor Arberry's centenary volume includes a nicely potted account of Omar's fortunes after publication; one welcomes with particular gratitude his wryly comic report of the expedition of the Omar Khayyám club to Boulge to plant a rose from the tomb of Omar on FitzGerald's grave. But the greater portion of his book (which also contains an exact facsimile reprint of the original edition of 1859) is devoted to the poem's fortunes before publication. The genesis

of any classic of verse is always of interest. In the case of FitzGerald and his Omar we can watch the processes of gestation with unusual precision and detail because, by the very nature of the case, they were so gradual and so long drawn out. 'Old Fitz' was a learned amateur but not an Oriental scholar. Cowell, many years his junior, was the expert: and by studying their correspondence, much of it here for the first time published, we see FitzGerald first struggling to extract some sort of a meaning from his text, glossing it by the way with a few possible English poetical equivalents ('Caravan-serai'), then turning it into rhyming Monkish Latin, finally bringing himself to the point at which 'I see how a very pretty *Eclogue* might be tessellated out of his scattered Quatrains'.

We see for example the most famous of those quatrains appearing first in Latin, as:

*Si cerebri cerealis esset apud me sinceri
Panis, esset et cruoris Amphora repleta Meri,
Esset atque dulce Carmen dulce canens in
Deserto—*

Tum non esset unocuique Sultanorum invideri.

(One may note FitzGerald's choice of such a 'barbaric' metre, and his ability to write in it—rather than in the standard classical elegiacs of the Victorian literary gentlemen—as a singular instance both of his eccentric erudition and of his sense of appositeness.) Then we find him referring, in pure knock-me-down Augustan style, to 'the side of the "Arable" where he wished to lie with his book & a Bit of Mutton, & a moderate Bottle of Wine'.

And so by tentative but sure steps to the eventual production of perhaps the most polished masterpiece of the Victorian age: at which everybody was pleased but the unfortunate Cowell, a devotedly religious man who was profoundly upset at the flood of free-thinking Epicureanism that he had unwittingly loosed upon the world. However, he put the best face he could on it:

'Omar's laudation of drunkenness', said I [Thomas Wright, biographer of FitzGerald], 'is difficult to explain away'.

'By drunkenness', said Professor Cowell with a smile, 'is meant "Divine Love"'.

Happy days!

HILARY CORKE

Fifty Years of Modern Art. By Emile Langui. Thames and Hudson. 30s.

Wassily Kandinsky. By Will Grohmann. Thames and Hudson. £7. 7s.

Any moment within ten years of the turn of the present half-century seems to provide the excuse for endless surveys of modern art which must, of necessity, cover so much ground that the results tend, like American education, to have breadth without depth. Generally these anthologies suffer as well from a subjective approach in that the public is at the mercy of one man's artistic prejudices, so that the reader will find important figures in art history minimized out of all proportion or ignored altogether. *Fifty Years of Modern Art* clears the second fence without difficulty because personal selection has not intervened. Its origin is the

remarkable exhibition shown at Brussels in 1958, the paintings and sculpture for which were chosen by a committee collaborating with an international panel of experts. Only a fraction of the people who would like to have seen the exhibition could afford to go to Brussels and it is, therefore, enterprising of the publishers to bring it within reach of the under-privileged in such attractive form.

As it is not intended for the *cognoscenti*, who would only buy it to refer to as a catalogue, there is no point in carping at Emile Langui for not shedding in his introduction any bright new light. What has been attempted within narrow confines is a lucid educational survey of the art movements of this century. If it lapses occasionally into cliché, it must be remembered that to the anxious uninitiated seeking guidance the first rungs of information on the ladder that leads up to art expertise have to be clichés, and if some readers are 'superior' about this they show a lack of understanding of a real problem, which is aptly described in the introduction as 'the intellectual malice between artists and mankind'.

To anyone who cannot own or house Bénézit and the like the biographical notes are extremely useful, though it would have been better if all of these had stuck to the facts about the artists and avoided woolly, potted opinion. With thirty-two colour and 305 excellent monochrome illustrations, this seems a production deserving of success.

Purely from the point of view of this country it is at once extraordinary and regrettable to think that the complex art of Kandinsky, who has been such a pervasive influence on so many painters, particularly the abstract expressionists, is so little known. New York and Munich are more than fortunate in their opportunities for seeing him in the original, but London in recent years has been offered no more than a peep at a pretty unbalanced selection of seventy works from the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's great collection. Admittedly, however often the public were able to see him he would probably always remain caviar to the general; and even in 1910, that year of iconoclasm when the Impressionist gods were toppled by the exhibition Roger Fry arranged to introduce the post-Impressionists, it is doubtful if Kandinsky's spectacular flight into abstraction attracted much notice. Yet as a figure in art history he is of the greatest importance, and Professor Grohmann's enormous book should, and does, supply with admirable clarity a biography, a *catalogue raisonné*, and a galaxy of illustration which is unlikely to be rivalled in the foreseeable future.

Universality belongs to genius, and Kandinsky, while remaining spiritually tied to the richness of Imperial Russia, perfectly adapted himself in Germany and France to the climate of Western thought. But such was the aristocracy of his outlook, the core of him remained untouched and elusive and even the author, though an intimate friend of the artist, finds him difficult to reveal as a man. One of the founders of the Blaue Reiter group and later a prominent member of the Bauhaus in Weimar, his works of these two periods cannot fail to command admiration, but of a detached kind. It was not until his paintings really became like the short stories of his compatriot, Chekhov, without beginning and without end but with a middle that is a perfect fusion of poetry and music, that one becomes involved in sensing a quite private and special revelation.

The hundreds of illustrations—the colour plates being particularly good—are everything one could wish for. The only sad thing about this lavish book is that at this price, necessary though it undoubtedly is, it is unlikely to be seen and enjoyed by many who do not know Kandinsky already.

J. WOOD PALMER

The Eccentric Design: Form in the Classic American Novel. By Marius Bewley. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

Mr. Bewley takes his title from lines by Wallace Stevens:

It was when the trees were leafless first in November
And their blackness became apparent, that one first
Knew the eccentric to be the base of design.

As in his earlier book, *The Complex Fate*, and as in the work of Richard Chase and some other recent commentators, Mr. Bewley is concerned with the Americanness of American literature. It might be said that this has been the concern of American critics for a long time. But Mr. Bewley is both less strident and less apologetic than his remote predecessors. Here is no flag-waving or breast-beating, except perhaps of the most subtle sort.

We start with an American classical period, that of the Founding Fathers who debate the desired shape of American society. The alternatives reviewed here are: a natural aristocracy, as advocated by John Adams; an agrarian democracy, the ideal of Thomas Jefferson; and the urban capitalism of Alexander Hamilton's programme. Hamilton, alas, is victorious. The 'American Dream' becomes a corrupt delusion, the only aristocracy is one of money. In such a situation, which continues to deteriorate, the American novelist—the rare, important novelist, that is—is almost overcome by his difficulties. He has no nicely ordered society of which to write: not for him the material available to Jane Austen, George Eliot, or Anthony Trollope. It is all either desert or jungle, barren or choked. He cannot approve of Hamiltonian oligarchy, nor of the hypocritical populism of false democracy. So by default he produces 'metaphysical' fiction, queer and abstract and placeless, but also at best tremendous in its moral force.

What might be called the historical part of Mr. Bewley's thesis is indeed an eccentric design, on the edge of a pointless pathos. John Adams has been added to the familiar polarity of Jefferson-Hamilton to make a symbolic trio. We are almost in the company of the New Conservatives, the Southern Agrarians, or of Ezra Pound and his obsession with usury. The nineteenth century was what happened to America, not a Hamiltonian plot. Hamilton was only one of the architects, and Adams was never in the competition. We may regret the outcome; yet it is hard to see any likely alternative. The remarkable thing, however, is that despite his dubious foundation of fact Mr. Bewley has produced a brilliantly convincing critical structure. One reason is that he relegates Hamilton *et al.* to a prologue and epilogue, reserving his main space for a detailed examination of the dilemmas and achievements of Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James, and Scott Fitzgerald. Another reason is that, within limits, his

conception is sound. If we take his selective quotations at face value, then Adams, Jefferson and Hamilton *did* contend eloquently for different kinds of society; and what emerged *did* in the main most nearly resemble Hamilton's goal. For the authors whom Mr. Bewley singles out for special mention and praise, the terms of this debate on the nature of American society *do* serve as an admirable background.

The chief reason for Mr. Bewley's success, though, is that he is a most sensitive and intelligent critic. The fascination of his book lies not in the large thesis but in the rather episodic individual chapters which are splendidly warm and alert. If Mr. Bewley attaches more importance to James Fenimore Cooper than do the rest of us, he shows that Cooper will stand a good deal of scrutiny. His chapters on Hawthorne, Melville, and James, which should be read in conjunction with *The Complex Fate*, explore with great penetration the responses of these three very different yet related figures to the American Democracy. And in his final discussion, which focuses upon *The Great Gatsby* and upon a short story, 'The Diamond as Big as the Ritz', Mr. Bewley makes out an excellent case for extending his own version of the Great Tradition so as to incorporate Scott Fitzgerald. What began with an air of crankiness turns into a fine demonstration of critical insight.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

A Book of African Verse. Selected and introduced by Guy Butler. Oxford. 18s.

It may seem churlish to say that the introduction to this book is more interesting than the matter that follows, but I cannot avoid saying so. It is an excellently lucid exposition of the difficulties of the English-speaking South African poet. Professor Butler has not attempted to disguise the complexity of the problem, and his line of argument is direct and clear. But the subsequent selection is opaque and woolly. There are poems on South African themes by South Africans, and by visitors such as Mr. Fuller, and poems by South Africans on any themes. 'South African poetry is', Professor Butler says, 'an educated man's affair. I cannot detect a peculiar style, a verse form, or intonation'. If there is nothing particularly detectable, it must reduce one to regarding this as yet another anthology of poems mainly derived from the last thirty years. As such it cannot be said to excite or stimulate. What has come out of South Africa is well enough known. She has produced in Roy Campbell a poet worth quarrelling about, and in Mr. Plomer a novelist and man of letters whose serious early verse is in quality inferior to his later ballads. The difficulty confronting Professor Butler is exposed and he has not solved it. Mr. Plomer's ballads have a satiric impulse and a panache all their own, and if he must be claimed as a South African writer he should be represented at least by *The Self-made Blonde* and *The Dorking Thigh* as well as by what is here. The same is true of F. T. Prince: he has written far better poems on non-African themes. There is in fact a dichotomy between theme and quality, and in his search for some integrating agent the compiler has gone far to disintegrate his book. There is, he says, 'a certain generic similarity between Prince, Currey, Heywood and Madge; restrained, scrupulous in

the use of words, intelligent, humane. They all read at all? What is the title of the book in the hands of that man supine in his deck chair at Southend? And do people on holiday want books to be a stimulant or a soporific? It would be offensive to say that the books reviewed here cater for all tastes, taste being what it is, but at least they cater for quite a reasonable variety of them, and I do not think anyone would be bored who packed them in his luggage as he set off for Monte Carlo or for Clacton. Though if he meant to read them all, either his reading would have to be extremely intensive, or his holiday very protracted, for Mr. James Jones's *Some Came Running* is an enormously, indeed preposterously, long book, which took six years to write and by its size and weight gives the impression that it may take almost as long to read.

Nothing except genius could justify such inordinate length, and Mr. Jones is not a genius; yet having said this one must add immediately that he is a surprisingly good writer, so that anyone who reads *Some Came Running* will not find that his time has been wasted. Mr. Jones writes with a kind of clumsy sincerity which sometimes reminds one of Theodore Dreiser, and he also has something of Dreiser's tragic view of America as the product of vast and complicated social forces against which the individual only asserts himself by means of sex, crime, or money; but what is missing is Dreiser's genuine power of analysis, which gives him an almost unique place among American novelists.

Some Came Running recounts the misadventures of Dave Hirsh, who after an absence of nineteen years, including a protracted period of war service, returns to his native town of Parkman, Illinois. Hirsh is a failure in life, a writer who has renounced writing, and his return is a kind of revenge on all the conditions of American life which have made him what he is. Among them is his elder brother Frank, a successful yet pathetic business man, who represents all the values which Dave rejects; nevertheless, Dave goes into business with him, as an excuse for staying on in Parkman and prosecuting a hopeless love affair with a local teacher of English, an extreme case of the frigid American female. But at the same time Dave plays out his feelings of resentment against the human condition in America by choosing his friends from Parkman's beat generation of gamblers, criminals, and drunkards. I found the contrast between the upper and lower strata of Parkman's social structure extremely well observed.

It is hardly necessary to say that Dave's stay in Parkman leads him to disaster; that is the fate of the American hero today. But in the immensely long and complicated story of how Dave provokes his own particular disaster, Mr.

similarity lies in their having left Africa. However, the attentive reader will find enough to please him in this collection: the poems for instance of F. C. Slater, Alan Paton, or Sydney Clouts; but on the whole I fear that the famous

epigram of Campbell's on a South African novelist (the theme of which was supplied by William Plomer) could be applied to most of the younger contributors here.

PATRIC DICKINSON

New Novels

Some Came Running. By James Jones. Collins. 21s.

One Man's Island. By Elizabeth Ashe. Longmans. 15s.

The Buffalo Soldiers. By John Prebble. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

The Child of Montmartre. By Pierre Léautaud. Bodley Head. 15s.

Jones never loses our interest and this is a considerable achievement. I would hazard the opinion that the faults and weaknesses of *Some Came Running* are the result of purely intellectual errors, which fog Mr. Jones's insight into the situation he himself has created.

At present Mr. Jones inclines to be ponderous; by contrast, Miss Ashe may well seem trivial, and it would be easy to underrate the merits of *One Man's Island* simply because of the lightness and dexterity of her touch. She writes with an unassuming simplicity which in itself has considerable charm; and she knows the value of the direct statement which dispenses with an unconscionable amount of analysis and description. Yet for all her modesty, the problems she touches on are no less complex and important than those of Mr. Jones.

The island of Zuwadi, in the Indian Ocean, off the coast of Africa, is too small, too unimportant, too underdeveloped, for her independence ever to have been threatened by the Great Powers; and time, habit, and tradition seem to have disposed of all those problems of race, religion, and colour which bedevil the African continent. In this island paradise, under the beneficent if ineffectual rule of its native potentate, Europeans, Indians, Africans, and Arabs live in idyllic peace and amity, and the shadow of Mr. K. has never darkened their happiness; and here John Sandford, a kind of respectable beachcomber, has found escape from the ugliness and commercialism of a London which is the heart of a decaying empire.

Miss Ashe conveys with fine skill the air of happiness which surrounds this enchanted isle; but then with equal skill she recounts the mounting toll of incidents by which it is dispersed. The charming and humane native ruler makes a Freudian slip of the tongue at a dinner party; an inquisitive visitor commits an indiscretion; a schoolboy vendetta has fatal results; a pair of slightly sinister native politicians make the most of these events; and almost overnight the tranquillity of Zuwadi is at an end, and all the races and creeds which have lived so affectionately together are suddenly at each other's throats.

Miss Ashe writes with such disarming modesty that it would be easy to take her novel simply as a light and engaging comedy of manners played out in an African setting; and as such, indeed, it is very good. But what gives the book an extra dimension of solidity and depth is the consistent implication that neither geography, nor goodwill, nor even political and economic insignificance, can provide either white man or coloured with an escape from the appalling conflicts which are now breaking out in Africa.

One Man's Island is an imaginary stage on

which the problems of race and colour are played out; *The Buffalo Soldiers*, engaged with the same problems, goes back in time to an odd episode in the history of the United States in the period immediately following the Civil War. A patrol of Negro cavalymen, commanded by a white lieutenant, is given the mission of escorting a band of Comanche Indians from their reservation to the borders of Texas where they can hunt buffalo. The operation ends in disaster, as the patrol is able neither to keep the Indians under control nor to protect them against the aggressive and pioneering operations of the Texas Rangers, for whom the border, along the banks of the Arkansas River, is a 'killing ground' for Indians. This disaster leads to further disasters, of which the principal casualties are the white commander of the Negro troop and the young Red Indian chief who cannot resign himself to the treachery and duplicity of 'the white man's way' into the reservation.

In *The Buffalo Soldiers* Mr. Prebble has succeeded in combining into a simple and straightforward narrative two problems of the greatest complexity; first, the reactions of three races, red, white and black, under primitive conditions which force them into the closest possible contact; and, secondly, the expense of spirit in a waste of shame which was the cost of the expansion of the United States into a truly Continental nation. And he has done this in a story which, by its historical and topographical detail, will stimulate the appetite of even the most jaded addict of the frontier.

Lastly, a book which is in itself a fascinating holiday both in time and place. *The Child of Montmartre* is a collection of three autobiographical stories by Paul Léautaud who died in 1955 at the age of eighty-three. They were written over fifty years ago, but they remain as fresh and sharp as if they were written yesterday. The Paris they describe is a totally different city from the Paris we know today; but Léautaud, who was an extraordinary mixture of the child and the cynic, has caught its essence with a kind of savage honesty, a harsh poetry, which has preserved it for ever.

The Child of Montmartre is quite simply a masterpiece and about masterpieces there is nothing for a reviewer to say except to urge that they should be read. I am myself now going on holiday and at the end of nearly twelve months of reviewing novels one of the pleasures I promise myself is that of reading anything except fiction; but even so I shall take *The Child of Montmartre* in my bag for the pleasure of reading it again.

GORONWY REES

[On August 27 Mr. Graham Hough will take over from Mr. Goronwy Rees]

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Superstitions

Sherpa (JULY 31) was as good a short travel film as one could hope to find. The scenery was ravishing, the pace easy without being slow, and the matter (mostly ritual dances, weddings, funerals, and so on) fascinating and even important. Also, most essentially, the traveller, Herr Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf, kept himself completely out of the picture, in every

aeroplane was used to 'open up' a remote jungle village in central America. This was good hearty muscular stuff; but it raised many questions. The Indians did not look as if they had been a particularly depressed or unhappy lot. Blessings are seldom unmixed. About the introduction of serums and anti-toxins one had no qualms: spelling-books made one more thoughtful: while 'the replacement of native superstitions by Christian truth' can leave easy only those who are able not to see it rather as the replacement of one set of superstitions (admittedly less civilized, more demonic) by another.



The Brains Trust on August 2. Left to right: Sir Ralph Richardson, Miss Marghanita Laski, Sir John Wolfenden (question-master), Mr. Denis Johnston, and Professor A. J. Ayer

sense. We were spared that all too usual, all too distressing sight of the slightly patronising European, too white, too tall, and wearing altogether incongruous clothing, as out of place as an atomic station in a salt-marsh. Nor did any suspicion of a jarring Western personality obtrude upon the commentary. Instead we were simply shown an image of a way of life—hard, exhausting, but extraordinarily happy, and moving with the sombre beauty of a dance through the repeated figure of the mountain seasons—a way of life, too, that is doubly precious now that neighbouring Tibet, whose customs had so much in common with it, is in process of 'improvement'. In particular, one was grateful for the way in which the author-photographer so evidently accepted the Buddhist festivals (the dancing monks, the beer-drinkings, the whirling prayer-wheels) as symbolizations of the agricultural life, at least as grave, religious, and worthy of respect as their Christian equivalents.

One could not quite expect this from *Jungle Flying*, the film on the work of the Missionary Aviation Fellowship that was shown on August 2 and in which we saw how the



The recess in the Chinese Room at Claydon House, Buckinghamshire: seen in *Beauty in Trust*, a film about the National Trust, on August 4



Buddhist lamas dancing at a spring festival in Nepal: from the film *Sherpa* in the series 'Travellers' Tales'

Other Christian programmes of Sunday afternoon included the Gospel being stirringly brought to darkest Crief, and an ingenious parable film from the Pembrokeshire coast. In the latter the ephemeral nature of sand-castles ('houses builded upon sand') was contrasted with the permanence of another childish creation, a miniature chapel built of stones and mortar by a little girl and her father more than fifty years ago ('a house builded upon a rock') and as good as ever today. The force of the metaphor was perhaps a little dulled by the fact that the sand-castles were charming, giddy affairs, built principally for the exquisite pleasure of seeing the waves knock them down; while the miniature chapel was distinctly unattractive and its permanence, I suggest, an aggravating rather than a redeeming feature.

That religion is a superstition was also a conclusion apparently reached by the Brains Trust (August 2), though the question-master, Sir John Wolfenden, hastened primly to disassociate himself from it. I say 'apparently', as the combination of Denis Johnston, Marghanita Laski, A. J. Ayer, and Sir Ralph Richardson rather failed, as they say, to 'jell'. This was because Mr. Johnston tended to deliver himself of such extraordinary remarks as 'Believing something and knowing it to be true are quite different: I believe the world was created in seven days, but I know it wasn't'. Imagine saying that sitting next to Professor Ayer! Anyway, the other three continually fell upon him, if not over him: no clarities were achieved, no light was cast, and 'brains'

A. P. Kersting

was not a word that sprang into one's mind in any connexion. (The previous programme—July 26—with Dame Edith Sitwell and others, was quite another matter.)

Dubiety was not a feature of 'Montgomery Speaks his Mind' (August 2), the first British showing of the now notorious interview with Edward Murrow. This was the week's most fascinating documentary. Here was a mind of hallucinatory clearness, utterly precise, firm and orderly, apparently devoid of all shadows and dark places. With this was a passion for factual truth, a contempt for cant, and so patently honest a desire to voice his own views exactly, even if unpleasant hearing to his listeners, that no offence could (or at any rate should) have been taken.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

'Unfinished Journey'

THREE ADAPTATIONS of works by well-known writers and one original play by a well-known actor constituted Bank Holiday week's drama programme. In the circumstances the proportions were understandable. There is no point in playing an Ace if a Jack (or, more precisely, an Ivor, a Nigel, or a William) will take the trick.

A Novello musical, a Balchin novel, and one of Somerset Maugham's Ashenden stories were obvious trick-takers at the peak of the holiday season. But as the only work written for television (apart from the last instalment of Duncan Ross's polished Monday-night serial) Andrew Cruickshank's *Unfinished Journey* shall have pride of place here. It nearly deserved it by any reckoning, and only failed because of an unfortunate change of mood three-quarters of the way through and, less fatal, a weakness in the plot at one point. The theme was the old one of a marriage coming apart from boredom and familiarity, and being cemented together again by a sudden crisis (blackmail) which reveals each partner to the other in a new light.

As Ruth Howard, the dipsomaniac wife, Joyce Heron had the kind of part that can easily be overplayed. For most of the time she resisted the temptation. Ralph Michael's task was harder. He had to portray the self-righteous but well-meaning husband, Tom, who gradually realizes that there are other points of view than his own. He did it cleverly and convincingly.

The change of mood that I thought almost wrecked the play occurred after the blackmailing widow (Peggy Thorpe-Bates) and her odious Oxford undergraduate son (Richard Carpenter) had gone their separate ways. Ruth Howard is leaving Tom. She comes into the living-room of the flat with her packed bag to telephone to a hotel for a room. Tom, confronted with imminent freedom, suddenly and uncharacteristically starts to drink. Soon he is tipsy, and offering to telephone to the hotel for Ruth, who cannot get through. From then until the reconciliation at the end the scene is pure farce, wholly wrong as the climax of what has gone before.

The flaw in the plot? Why should Ruth Howard, who despises her husband and knows that their marriage has failed, fear a disclosure to him of her past indiscretions? In the context of the opening scenes it was exactly the sort of excuse to leave him that she was looking for.

Judged as television plays, without reference

to the faithfulness with which the originals were or were not transformed, *Mine Own Executioner* and *The Traitor* were of the highest order. This could almost have been guaranteed, seeing that they were written by two such experts in story construction, clear-cut and consistent characterization, and believable dialogue as Balchin and Maugham.

In each case the acting was first-class. I should award the palm to Donald Pleasence in Maugham's *The Traitor*. He was the Englishman who spies for Germany in Spain and Switzerland during the first world war, and is sent to England and the firing squad by the combined, though independent, efforts of his chief, his wife, and a British agent. As his German



Donald Pleasence as Grantley Caypor and Mai Zetterling as Frau Caypor in *The Traitor* on August 7



Scene from *Mine Own Executioner* on August 4, with (left to right) John Brooking as Peter Edge, Michael Gwynn as Felix Milne, Gene Anderson as Barbara Edge, and Ursula Howells as Patricia Milne

wife, who loved him but loved the fatherland more, Mai Zetterling was sufficient explanation of his adoration of her and—especially when she put on her spectacles and became Teutonic—of Ashenden's respectful dislike of her. Stephen Murray, suavely efficient as Ashenden, the British agent, came as near to my notion of what that first-person singular character looked like as made no difference. Troy Kennedy Martin adapted, and Gerard Glaister produced.

In his version of the Balchin novel about the psycho-analyst who can solve other people's emotional problems but not his own, John Hopkins played up the melodramatic element of the sick patient, ex-R.A.F. pilot, who kills his wife and then himself, and played down the tormented, nagging conflict between the psycho-analyst and his wife. For a ninety-minute television play this treatment was probably the right one, for it provided a thread of interest of the 'what-happens-next' type essential to a play of that length.

Michael Gwynn was exactly right as the dedicated psycho-analyst whose lack of medical qualifications was the cause of a subsidiary plot concerned with the endowment of the clinic in which he worked. Ursula Howells was infuriatingly anxious to please, while remaining patheti-

cally attractive. Jack Hedley was right as the ex-R.A.F. pilot, and everyone else in the cast was as good as producer Harold Clayton could have wished.

This leaves me with no space to say anything about the 'Musical Playhouse' presentation of Novello's *Perchance to Dream*. As I am not a Novello addict, perhaps it is as well. But I greatly admired Graeme Muir's lavish production. Can those wonderful sets, I wonder, be used again for something more worthy of them?

PETER POUND

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Rhetoric and Drums

THE SERIES OF PLAYS produced by Mr. Raymond Raikes under the title of 'British Drama 1600-1642' is proving to be a success not only because he manages to make them palatable to the listener but because the plays themselves are being revealed as deserving more attention.

Fletcher's *Valentinian* (Third, August 5) is nowhere near Shakespeare's best but it is a long way from Shakespeare's worst. His blank verse stumbles occasionally but his couplets are often potent with inevitability, and there were moments when some of the lines of Aecius and Valentinian, in the hands of Francis de Wolff and Anthony Jacobs, recalled the tumbling power of Marlowe.

No blame or credit may be attached to Fletcher for the plot which faithfully follows the real story of Valentinian. One may, however, ask why such a story interested Fletcher's box office and come across some interesting speculations. Though the need to honour women often provided the Jacobean dramatists with a motivation one gains the impression that Lucina's plight—and even, perhaps, Ophelia's—evoked licentious pleasure rather than sympathy or outraged moral feelings. Another aspect of the play was that it contained, apart from the obvious and necessary homilies on the fall of an Empire, a general view of life that reflects or anticipates Puritan thought.

Several of the characters echo the concept that each one of us makes his own particular hell. It may be that Fletcher's Romans still enjoy their hell but they are on the way to Webster's despair

and voice the premises of the argument that finally led to the closing of the theatres on the grounds of licentiousness. This fine production revealed once more that the debate which ended in violence in 1642 had its beginnings in the years around 1610.

Looking for the sociological influence is, of course, an endless and inconclusive game. In *Valentinian* one may be wise after the event; in Andrew Salkey's *The Dry Time* (Home, August 6) one had to be more careful. Mr. Salkey's play was about a Jamaican couple who are devout Christians and who move to Haiti in search of a better chance in life. When Linda (Zorina Osborne) and Jonah (Nicky Edmett) find that the Haitians live by two codes of morality the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Salkey intended a subtle parable on the recent migrations of West Indians to Britain.

But the Haitians' second string to their moral bow was tainted by voodoo, and I lost sight of the parable. One does not have to believe in voodoo to believe in its powers, and the tension created by Jonah's fight for the soul of his daughter who has been given a draught by a voodoo worshipper was powerful because it was credible. The play seemed at first to have the limited didactic purpose of presenting voodoo for what it is. It was clear, however, that Mr. Salkey is interested in the thesis that persecution often springs from jealousy and that he was interested in more than voodoo. There were, of course, lots of drummings in the play, which was produced by Michael Bakewell.

There were nearly as many drums in *The Emperor Jones* by Eugene O'Neill (Home, August 5) which was adapted by R. D. Smith and produced by John Gibson. The leading role was brilliantly undertaken by William Marshall. This early one-acter by O'Neill hints at his dramatic quality but it is hard to realize on a stage and even on the radio demanded much skill. Mr. Gibson succeeded and Jones moved terribly and credibly on his long trek from palace to jungle. As the layers are peeled away from Jones, O'Neill gives us a study in racial subconsciousness which evokes our pity and demands our understanding. While Mr. Salkey's Jonah has joined intellectual battle, O'Neill's Jones—a generation earlier—is the passive victim of the violence that has created him and destroyed him.

Stephen Grenfell's *You Can't Own People* (Home, August 8) had a seasonal touch. It involved an ex-army officer who saves his friend's daughter from drowning rather than his own. It was supposed that he did so because he was at loggerheads with his old pal in civilian life. But his conduct was not made credible, and the dialogue provided an opportunity for that game of predicting the clichés before they are spoken. Sometimes the clichés were even more banal than the ones I had predicted.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Hearts and Trumps

THE INTERVIEW WITH Mr. Tennessee Williams in 'Frankly Speaking' (August 2, Home) certainly had one distinction over all the others in this series—at least in one listener's estimation. No other contributor I have heard has given quite the same impression of wholeheartedly enjoying the ordeal from beginning to end. If the element of masochism was there, we have to remember that that, in its way, is a form of enjoyment. Mr. Williams's personality came out round and whole from the interview, and it was clear from the start that he has a practised gift for self-presentation.

Still, his well-known and self-avowed habit of wearing his heart on his sleeve must be

accepted with a few reserves. So far as factual revelations were concerned, this was no more 'frank' an interview than the next. If, more than any other living dramatist, Mr. Williams puts his own emotions into his plays, it could also be said that he put much of his dramatic skill into this self-portrayal. Why, for instance, did he have to spend that night in Jacksonville gaol when he was a boy? That would be telling. And to tell would be as amateurish as to give away the dénouement before the agonies of the drama have had time to deploy themselves. In the end, of course, we were never told, and this fitted in perfectly with the dramatic purposes of the interview. Even a heart on the sleeve has to have its secrets.

There were shrewdness and modesty too in this self-appraisal: 'a writer of serious aims and intentions, with some commercial success' is, if you substitute 'staggering' for 'some', a not unreasonable verdict. And there was considerable skill in Mr. Williams's parrying of some of the more polemical thrusts of his interviewers. For myself, I cannot see why a dramatist should be more a propagator of good causes than the next man—which is what some of the questions seemed to imply: nor why an imaginative preoccupation with human cruelty should be morbid. If so, then a great many writers from Sophocles onwards were morbid. On the other hand, Mr. Williams loves bull-fights. They 'don't seem like cruelty—and it's worse in a slaughter-house'. But who offers a slaughter-house as a form of entertainment?

Altogether, here was a character given over to loves and hatreds, with whom everything has to be 'mostest' or 'leastest': who loves shock, loves excitement in the theatre—and hates theatre critics. 'George Jean Nathan, he loathed my guts'. Put this in the third person, and you might safely deduce that the late George Jean Nathan didn't care much for most of Mr. Williams's earlier plays. But these impulsive jabs were what added colour to the whole picture. And Mr. Williams confronted the trying techniques of this programme with all the ease of someone talking over the table to a casual but interested stranger in some off-beat café.

'People Today' turned up another trump card: no less than Mr. Uffa Fox. This programme (August 3, Bank Holiday, Home), produced by Laurence Gilliam, with Hubert Clifford as commentator, started off with the breeziest bounce and took us straight into the world of the Cowes yachting set, where everyone insists on the best of everything, from horses and food to music. 'All the cooks aboard "Fresh Breeze" had been to the R.A.M. and were good pianists'. Cooking and eating over, jolly good fun could be had by all. And in among the sea-shanties, extra fun could be had when a new arrival was guided across to the settee with a motor-horn hidden inside the cushion.

Whether riding a thoroughbred mare called 'Frantic' at 37 m.p.h. inside the thirty-mile speed limit, evolving a new gadget in his bath like Archimedes, or being laid across the table and spanked at the age of twenty-one by a furious father, for giving his first vote to the wrong candidate, Mr. Fox (any relation to Charles James?) came up very much alive, and kicking in every line of this piece. 'One of those extrovert characters who thrive on applause' was Mr. Clifford's comment, with an air of understatement. There was certainly no need of clapping.

A move to still higher things—*haute couture*, in fact—came with 'Matters of Moment' (August 6, Home). For such a cosmopolitan craft, I suppose nothing less than 'Radio Link' would be needed to give the full treatment. So here we were given only the English angle. But it seems that amicable buzz and chatter are the

order of the day among the high-ups in this particular mystery. 'I couldn't agree more' was the *leit-motiv* of this rather puzzling symphony. And all the performers were obviously very happy together.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Some of London's Music

SETTING BACH, Mozart, and Beethoven on one side, as music existing for ever in its own right and in this context beyond dispute, the most memorable work broadcast from the Promenade Concerts last week was Vaughan Williams's *A London Symphony*. It was splendidly played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (August 6, Third) and if splendid playing were sufficient to produce a perfect rendering of this, or any, work, that alone would have carried the day. But there remains the small matter of interpretation, which is the conductor's enviable task, in this case Sir Malcolm Sargent. No amount of dedicated labour by the players and watchful co-operation with their conductor will of itself bring a performance to a condition of great perfection. Sir Malcolm did in many ways well; but this symphony is deceptive and there is much beneath its seemingly simple surface that demands to be explored.

A London Symphony is the one work which, in my experience, is most intimately connected with Vaughan Williams as a conductor of his own music. As a rule composers should be kept from conducting their works. They seldom seem able to get outside them and begin to look into the music. They have been already far into them and are still too deeply embedded within them to be able to view them abstractedly and so begin to reinterpret the music.

But this work and this composer formed between them an exception. Vaughan Williams had a way with the *London Symphony*, a most subtle, direct touch upon the nerves and the musculature of the music. Henry Wood had recorded this symphony; a record of considerable value, since, for one thing, it was the only one available, I seem to recall, for years. But it contained many passages of heavy sentiment and altogether it was decidedly thick in texture. Vaughan Williams brushed all that aside when he took charge of a performance, pacing the music moderately, spacing it equably, with seemingly few alterations of speed within a section. The whole thing was admirably taut and workmanlike and it was filled—as by chance, as if that were a secondary consideration, something not to be sought for on its own account but to be attained by good fortune—with poetic exaltation. Nobody has ever come level with Vaughan Williams in interpreting this work, though Sir Adrian Boult has reached so close to him as to make little difference. To hear Vaughan Williams take *A London Symphony* through (the phrase is apt because he always seemed to be getting on with a job rather than poeticizing a piece of music) was memorable and it is a matter of bitter regret that he was never persuaded (or was it that he was never invited?) to record the work.

The virtue of Sir Malcolm's performance last week was in its clarity of phrasing and rhythm. It was, too, highly dramatic, and that was all to the good though one could have wished for more medium tones and shades between his eager, loud climaxes and his exceedingly soft and withdrawn lyrical episodes. It is between those extremes that much of the spiritual essence of the symphony is to be found.

London's music is in evidence this 'Prom season' which started with John Ireland's *A London Overture*, has now reached Vaughan

Williams's symphony and by the time this notice appears will have given a hearing to Elgar's *Cockaigne* overture (August 12, Home). The three works are complementary. Elgar's is filled out with Edwardian opulence and deeply tinged with late-Victorian romanticism. Ireland's overture, on the other hand, belongs to the twentieth century, the music at times charming in a nostalgic fashion but also alert and watchful in readiness for the oncoming of some menacing power. These are darker streets than any Elgar knew and narrower ways where lurk potentialities of evil. It is a very strange, dark work. And what of Vaughan Williams's symphony? It takes a larger view of London and is funda-

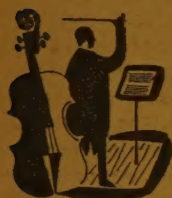
mentally the outsider watching the pullulating life of this town, noting details keenly but most interested in the spirit of the place, a quality that he created in this work, one that has to be discovered afresh each time it is interpreted.

The recitals of all six of Shostakovich's string quartets should not be overlooked. Here is an opportunity, similar to that given recently in the case of Bartók, to become acquainted with chamber music by one of the most important living Russians. The second string quartet, admirably played last week by the Pro Musica Quartet who got right inside the work and performed it with a fine, stern eloquence, proved to be most stimulating. This is serious, deeply

felt music, the work, manifestly, of a man of profound sensitivity.

Of the Japanese music heard last Saturday (Third) I am not competent to speak with any scientific accuracy. It was the three solo pieces that were the most immediately acceptable and they were completely enchanting. But I can only be emotional about this and had better say no more until I have done some homework in this strange, alien art. One aspect I believe I was right in noting, that in the music written by these Japanese musicians of this century (there were two) there is a distinct, maybe Western, diatonic style. This is not purely oriental music but a kind of bridge between East and West.

SCOTT GODDARD



'The Cunning Little Vixen'

Janáček's opera will be broadcast at 7.45 p.m. on Sunday, August 16 (Third)

The opera will be sung in Czech and to enable listeners to follow it more easily we give this synopsis, timed to the nearest minute

Act I—Scene 1

- 7.50: The curtain rises on a forest clearing. A badger peers out of his den. Ballet of insects.
- 7.53: The forester (baritone) enters, soliloquizing.
- 7.55: He settles down for a nap. Trills introduce a conversation between a cricket and a grasshopper (child-sopranos) who make music in waltz-time. A mosquito (tenor) snaps at a frog (child-soprano). They argue.
- 7.57: A fox-cub (child-soprano) runs on. When it sees the frog it calls 'Mammy! Mammy! What's that? Can you eat it?' The terrified frog jumps on to the forester's nose. He wakes up, seizes the cub (the 'cunning little vixen'), tucks it under his arm and goes off laughing.
- 7.58: The insects resume their dancing. **Curtain.**

Act I—Scene 2

- 8.03: Orchestral intermezzo.
- 8.05: The curtain rises on the courtyard of the forester's house, a few months later. The vixen (soprano) moans in her captivity. The forester's dog (mezzo-soprano) tries to console her.
- 8.07: The vixen tells him what she has learnt in the forest about the mating of the birds. He tries to make love to her. She angrily repulses him.
- 8.08: The forester's little boy and his friend (sopranos) enter. They torment the vixen. She bites and tries to escape. They catch her. The forester's wife (contralto) comes out complaining.
- 8.09: The forester puts the vixen on a leash. She moans. Orchestral interlude, depicting dusk and night. The vixen moans in her sleep.
- 8.11: Bells herald the dawn.
- 8.13: The dog addresses the vixen smugly. A cock (soprano) jeers at her. The hens play up to him.
- 8.14: The vixen harangues them. She begins digging herself into the rubbish-heap. The hens approach to see what she is doing.
- 8.16: A scream as she begins killing the hens. The forester's wife runs out protesting. The vixen bites through her leash and escapes.

Act II—Scene 1

- 8.20: Orchestral introduction.
- 8.21: The curtain rises on the forest, outside the badger's den. The vixen peers in and begins mocking the badger (bass). A chorus of insects tells her not to disturb him, but when he kicks out at the vixen they side with her. Hurling a final insult at the badger, she runs off.
- 8.23: The indignant badger leaves his den in search of a better neighbourhood and the vixen installs herself in his place. **Curtain and orchestral intermezzo.**

Act II—Scene 2

- 8.24: The curtain rises on a room at the village inn. The forester and the schoolmaster (tenor) are playing cards, while the parson (bass) looks on. The forester sings a folk-song about Veronika, making fun of the declining amorous prowess of the schoolmaster, and bantering conversation continues till first the schoolmaster and then the parson leave.
- 8.28: The forester, slightly tipsy, soliloquizes and talks to the landlord (tenor), who irritates him by asking after the vixen. He leaves.
- 8.30: **Curtain and orchestral intermezzo.**

Act II—Scene 3

- 8.31: The curtain rises on a woodland path. The drunken schoolmaster is trying to find his way home.
- 8.33: He falls down, and noticing the movement of the sunflowers, assumes that the village beauty, Terynka, is hiding behind them. (Actually it is the vixen.) He drunkenly addresses the invisible Terynka with mounting passion.
- 8.34: The parson arrives and, also the worse for drink, reminisces about his youthful indiscretions.
- 8.37: Orchestral 'flurry' as the forester approaches, chasing the vixen. The terrified schoolmaster and parson run off. The forester shoots twice but misses the vixen. **Curtain.**

Act II—Scene 4

- 8.39: Intermezzo for wordless chorus.
- 8.41: The curtain rises showing the vixen stretched out in front of her lair on a summer night. She catches sight of a fox (soprano) and exclaims at his good looks. They get into conversation.
- 8.43: After a very short pause, the vixen dramatically tells the story of her life.
- 8.45: After another pause (broken by staccato woodwind and violins) the fox, much impressed by her story, formally introduces himself, and the vixen does likewise. He asks if he may see her again, discovers that she likes rabbit, and leaves her.
- 8.47: The vixen soliloquizes romantically about her new admirer while cleaning herself in the sand. The fox returns and observes her with admiration from behind the bushes, before re-joining her. He laughingly shows her a rabbit. They sit down to breakfast. An impassioned love-scene develops.
- 8.53: A solo violin is heard just before the vixen succumbs, with soft cries, to the fox's embraces. They disappear into the lair, while solo violins and flute accompany a dragon-flies' ballet.
- 8.55: The owl (contralto) raucously shrieks out the scandal about the behaviour of the vixen, who now emerges with her mate, crying 'Aouu'. After a short orchestral crescendo and pause, the fox decides to get married at once, and they go straight to the woodpecker-parson

(contralto). (Distant woodland voices.) He briefly pronounces them man and wife.

8.56: Choral wedding-ballet of forest creatures.

Act III—Scene 1

- 9.22: Orchestral prelude.
- 9.24: The curtain rises: the edge of the forest. Harašta, the poacher (bass), enters, singing a folksong.
- 9.25: At the end of the third verse, he sees a dead hare and is about to pick it up but at that moment he sees the forester. They chat. Harašta says he is going to marry Terynka.
- 9.26: Harašta hypocritically denies being a poacher. The forester sadly contemplates the dead hare and thinks it must have been killed by the vixen. Sad music for the dead hare.
- 9.28: He sets a trap for the vixen and goes off laughing to himself.
- 9.29: The fox and vixen enter with their large family of cubs, singing. The cubs knowingly keep away from the trap.
- 9.31: The fox affectionately asks the vixen if she can remember how many children they have reared; a love-scene ensues.
- 9.33: Harašta is heard approaching, singing. When he sees the vixen in his path he puts down his poacher's basket (now full of chickens) and takes hold of his gun. The vixen, hurling taunts at him, leads him down a slope. He falls (descending orchestral passage) and hurts his nose. While he sits complaining, the vixen runs towards his basket, where the cubs are already devouring his chickens.
- 9.35: Harašta fires twice. The fox and cubs take flight. The vixen lies dying. **Curtain.**

Act III—Scene 2

- 9.39: Orchestral intermezzo.
- 9.41: The curtain rises on the garden of the inn. The forester is chatting to the inn-keeper's wife (soprano) and the schoolmaster, who sadly informs him that it is Terynka's wedding-day. The forester tries to cheer him up.
- 9.44: The forester asks for his bill. He muses about growing old.
- 9.46: He leaves. **Curtain. Orchestral intermezzo.**

Act III—Scene 3

- 9.48: The curtain rises on the same scene as Act I, Scene 1. The forester enters soliloquizing about nature.
- 9.50: (High tremolo strings): he sits down mumbling about the flies and the sun. He waxes poetic about the beauty of the forest and the cycle of the seasons.
- 9.52: He dozes off and all the animals come out of their hiding. Half asleep, half awake, he says that for the wheel to come full circle only the little vixen is missing, but almost immediately a little vixen runs up to him. He reaches out for her, but catches instead a little frog.
- 9.54: The frog (child-soprano) stammers out that he used to hear about the forester from his grandfather. The forester dozes off again.

Planting Bulbs for Autumn and Spring

By F. H. STREETER

SOME OF THE MOST delightful flowers you can grow come from bulbs. Among the first to plant are the colchicums—often called autumn crocuses. These look charming planted round the base of a tree or in the grass. Other bulbs suitable for planting under trees are the hardy cyclamens—*Europaeum*, which is pink and beautifully scented, and *Neapolitanum*, of which you can get a white variety. Put the tops of the corms about level with the surface. This allows the flowers to stand up and show themselves before the leaves, in their many colours and markings, begin to unfold. To keep the supply of flowers going, grow *Coum* and *repandum*, which flower in March and April. These four species will give you many weeks of flowers in the duldest months of the year.

A pink lily suitable for growing at the foot of a south or west wall and that has come into favour the last few years is the *Nerine Bowdenii*. This can be planted now—just give the lilies a little leaf soil to start rooting into and they will soon increase rapidly. They last well as cut flowers, too.

If you want a beautiful show of the *Nerines* that need a little protection, keep the roots well fed before the foliage dies down. When the

leaves are finished the plants stand still for a few weeks, then throw up their flower spikes. After flowering their new foliage appears.

The belladonna lily is another bulb that does



The belladonna lily

exceptionally well at the foot of a hot, south wall. It grows two to three feet tall, the flower is pink, and there are as many as six or seven flowers to a stem. Once planted these lilies live for many, many years. They like a little top dressing with well-rotted manure.

Many flowering trees and shrubs can be rooted now in a cold frame. After the long, hot spell we have had some of the older shrubs may have suffered—so why not root a few choice flowering ones?

Cuttings taken off now will root before October in most cases, and will start off in fine form next spring. All you want is a close-fitting frame, or even a box covered with a sheet of glass. Place it in a sheltered position shaded from the sun. A mixture of three parts sand to one of either leaf soil or peat is a good rooting medium. Cover the surface with a thin layer of sand. As you take the cuttings from the parent plants (with a 'heel') place them into a bucket of water. Make a hole with a small dibber, place the cutting into the hole, resting it on a firm base with some of the sand falling in beside it.

Label each variety and give a really good watering from a rosed can; put on the glass and do not forget to shade it at once. Keep the light closed for the first three weeks, then place a flat label at the back to admit just a little air. Keep the cuttings sprayed, and always remove any leaves that may fall, as these could soon cause dampness.

—From a talk in the Home Service

Bridge Forum



FROM THE DISCUSSION last week about the mathematics of rubber bridge we left over for consideration the hidden value of a part score.

In duplicate bridge 50 points are added for all part-score contracts, but there is no doubt that at rubber bridge the hidden value of a part score of 40 or more is greater than that. The figure cannot be calculated mathematically, for there are too many imponderable factors. It is probably right to say that the hidden value ranges from about 80, at love all, to upwards of 200, at game all. This last figure may seem high, but it must be remembered that the value of the rubber game is greater and the opponents, being vulnerable, will not be so free to compete.

When a part-score battle is in progress the trick score, averaging about 60, must be added to the hidden value. To prevent opponents from making a part score is, therefore, worth from about 140 to 260 according to the vulnerability situation.

The hidden value of a part score has a bearing also on sacrifice bidding at the game level. A side that has 60 below can afford to defend the game with additional spirit, whereas the side whose opponents have the part score should be less willing to incur a penalty. For some reason,

most players construe this requirement in an opposite sense: an enemy part score incites, instead of dampening, their sacrificial ardour.

When the choice is between stopping in a part score or trying for game, it is in order when not vulnerable to bid game on somewhat less than an even chance. Because of the extra bonus that goes down on the score sheet, most players believe that at game all they should be more inclined to press for game; but that is actually wrong; the value of the part score goes up still more steeply, and game should not be attempted unless there are odds in favour.

A common source of misunderstanding is an opening bid from a part score that is enough for game. At 40 up, playing the forcing two, is Two Hearts forcing? And what of a response of Two Hearts to an opening One Club? Must the opener rebid? To make the game bid not forcing is called 'bidding to the score'. To avoid confusion, it is best to say without reserve that bidding to the score is obsolete among good players. These bids that would normally be forcing should be kept open for at least one round. For the tactics in opening the bidding from a part score, there are three situations to be considered: when one's own side has the part score; when

the opponents have the part score; when both sides have the part score.

All expert rubber bridge players believe in aggression in all three situations. Some players do not like to open light when they have a part score because, they say, they are sure to be 'pushed'; others will not open lightly when the enemy have a part score because they are afraid of 'starting them off'. Both attitudes are wrong: an opening bid is the best attack and very often the best defence.

As for the choice of opening, when one has a part score oneself, preference should be given to major suits and no trumps. At a love score the correct opening on

♠ K J 6 4 ♥ 7 2 ♦ A Q 8 5 ♣ K 10 5 is One Diamond, for if One Spade were chosen there would be no sound rebid over Two Hearts. At 40 up that consideration does not enter: the advantage of One Spade is that it makes it more difficult for an opponent to contest.

In the same way, the best opening on

♠ 6 2 ♥ A 5 ♦ A Q J 6 2 ♣ K 10 5 2 at a part score is One No Trump, not One Diamond.

Next week's article will deal with suit preference signals.

About Part Scores

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Going for a Picnic

OUR FAMILY PICNICS are old-fashioned because, not having a car, we walk to them. That is why my ideal picnic is 'nothing to carry but the food' and a minimum of bread, which is heavy both in the rucksack and on the stomach. I find that water-biscuits clamped together with a firm filling, such as smoked cod's roe with pepper and lemon juice, or mashed liver sausage, or anchovy butter, or any other favourite paste, make good, light sandwiches. So do thin slices of cold beef or ham rolled in lettuce leaves and tied with a spring onion. In fact, lettuce leaves and chunks of cucumber are excellent replacements for bread. I take a large plastic bag full of them, to be served with Scotch eggs, hard-boiled eggs, cold sausages, or portions of processed cheese.

I sometimes make a short, thin pastry for sardine patties or egg-and-bacon tartlets. I also take a few sandwiches of the double-decker variety, that is three slices of bread and two fillings. These are improved, I think, if the outsides of the outer slices of bread are toasted. Fillings that go well together are scrambled egg with mushrooms and chopped ham with watercress; mashed sardines and chopped hard-boiled egg with shredded lettuce. I also like stuffed bread roll. For this I slice the end off each roll, scoop out the bread and discard half of it (it can be used for toasted breadcrumbs later), then mix the bread that remains with a little milk and seasoning and any savoury mixture I fancy—chopped ham and capers, perhaps, shrimps with a little mayonnaise, chopped corned beef and

spring onions. I then butter the inside of the roll, pack it with the mixture and replace the top. Each of these should be put in a separate bag, as the tops tend to come off. I never bother much about sweet food. I just take fruit, (though not soft fruit) and chocolate.

Bottles and cups are a bore but, I am afraid, inevitable. We usually take a little cordial and dilute it with water from the tap of some kindly householder. But if we intend crossing uninhabited country we bow to fate and take an enormous vacuum flask of tea, with milk already added.

HONOR WYATT

Whipping Whites of Eggs

A listener writes: 'Why does it seem impossible nowadays to get whites of eggs to beat up stiffly?' I can say positively that there is no reason why egg whites nowadays should be more difficult to whip than they used to be, but one should remember that the eggs ought to be at least twenty-four hours old. Absolutely new laid eggs are not easy to whip. The whites should be whipped in a cool atmosphere, and if there seems delay in stiffening it can be helped by putting the bowl in cold water or the refrigerator. A pinch of salt added after the first foam appears helps to stiffen. But if this listener's eggs always refuse to stiffen into peaks, I think the most likely explanation is that she is getting some minute particle of other matter into the whites—perhaps a tiny spot of yolk. A bowl retaining the faintest trace of grease will also be fatal. Egg whites will never stiffen if there is foreign matter there, and it is a

good idea to keep one bowl for the purpose and wash and dry it before use.

MARGARET RYAN

Notes on Contributors

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 231): economic editor of *The Observer*; author of *British Economic Policy Since the War*

AUBREY SILBERSTON (page 239): Lecturer in Economics, Cambridge University; author of *Education and Training for Industrial Management* and (with George Maxcy) *The Motor Industry*

CHARLES RAVEN (page 241): Chaplain to H.M. the Queen; Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge University, 1932-50; Master of Christ's College, 1939-50; author of *English Naturalists from Neckam to Ray, Science and Religion*, etc.

MAX BELOFF (page 244): Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration, Oxford University; author of *The Foreign Policy of Soviet Russia, The Age of Absolutism 1660-1815, The Great Powers*, etc.

WILLIAM PLOMER (page 248): essayist, novelist, and poet; author of *Cecil Rhodes, Double Lives, The Dorking Thigh, A Shot in the Park, Gloriana, At Home*, etc.

MICHAEL MILLGATE (page 250): Assistant Lecturer in English Literature, Leeds University

ANDREW FORGE (page 253): Lecturer in Art at the Slade School of Fine Art, London University; author of *Vermeer and Klee*

Crossword No. 1,524.

Making and Breaking.

By Jackdaw

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 20. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Each 'clue' in fact contains the clues to three lights of three, four, and five letters. The twelve letters appear in the 'clue'

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1												
2												
3												
4												
5												
6												
7												
8												
9												
10												
11												
12												
A												
B												

in the same sequence, but not consecutively, as they appear in the completed puzzle. The location of the lights and bars dividing them have to be decided by the solver. The completed puzzle represents a cylindrical combination lock of a safe unwound to lie flat about a vertical axis. Each of the horizontal bands may be rotated independently and the lining up of a similar bar in each band will reveal, in a vertical column adjacent to these bars, the combinations which will open the safe (to be entered at 'A') and in what would then be the immediately opposite vertical column, the contents (to be entered at 'B'). Punctuation is ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

- It's the ages that an old letter takes that calls for expression of regrets
- Here an underground pea turned out to be fossilized fish roe—a legal fiction
- Decline to arbitrate between a pinch or wink in the present state
- Arrowroot rhizome sent to a praetor's recess in return for a pair of ancient socks
- Unfortunate, but soon my Dutch uncles will have devoured the asian lamb
- Hazy blue froth the Gaels cause on their bread and milk
- Remain at a distance if arranging to separate a strong juice from hemp anthers
- A damn substitute for the earthly paradise found in Spenser's time
- In the medicine chest may be rods of lead but not as well as kaolin in these times
- Ash powder plied easily in earlier times as honest bone-black
- Retreat in a rock that may hide an illicit can of true Scotch ale
- Sudden heeling down in the seas caused in the past by the Norse war god

DOWN

- He, grey with age, stays to plough—a rustic's task
- The absolute confusion of maize protein, prohibited to a Polynesian
- The umbrous naves of the market place were surrounded by wet earth once

- A shout of joy in the U.S. where the stakes have a force, supposedly, of light
- Litigation, with an iron fist, referred to in an epic poem of old
- Charges among the coastal plants, gathered into an area of less than 120 sq. yds.
- Since to speak sharply would arouse the god of the house we all take a stupefying drink
- An uprush skims up round the green hillock and swamps a sea-bird
- Casting the rope into the spaces of the upper air an Indian prince shines up
- Another dull lengthy poem intended to give a prominent angle to its subject
- Inordinately, an endless chain of buckets, just to annoy, goes off the straight repeatedly
- Recognize the dancing girl who made a town in Surrey he: home

Solution of No. 1,522

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
S	L	T	A	H	O	S	E	R	I	E	A	M
I	L	T	H	E	D	W	R	L	A	R	G	I
G	O	L	O	K	I	D	I	T	H	O	R	
U	A	S	M	I	M	A	G	T	I	R	P	H
N	E	R	T	X	H	U	G	N	O	D	R	E
A	R	U	E	F	I	A	R	R	N	H	R	S
G	E	R	N	E	I	H	N	M	I	L	Y	N
M	O	R	T	H	L	T	E	A	N	D	M	Y
A	F	I	A	S	A	T	R	N	M	E	S	N
N	S	A	N	R	D	E	F	O	R	I	R	W
N	K	E	U	S	S	R	Y	E	A	I	O	G
A	N	D	I	F	O	R	A	E	D	V	E	R
S	B	A	L	D	E	R	S	H	O	D	U	R

NOTES

Horses (1): SLEIPNIR, SKINFAXI, ALSUID, SYMIR (Knights' moves). Women (2): FREYA, FRIGGA, NANNA, SIGUNA (Vertically). Men (3): THOR, LOKI, BALDER, HODUR (Horizontally). Animals (4): GARM, DAIN, DURATHROR (Diagonally). All the names, and spellings used, are found in Syke's *Dictionary of Non-classical Mythology*.

Quotation (5): 'I... Thor, I am the War God, I am the Thunderer! Here in my Northland, My fastness and fortress, Reign I for ever!'

Longfellow, *The Saga of King Olaf*.

Tyr, whose hand was bitten off by Fenrir, the wolf, would use the Scale of 5, for his arithmetic.

1st prize: J. Walton (Bath); 2nd prize: L. E. Eyres (Bath); 3rd prize: T. H. East (Greenford)

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